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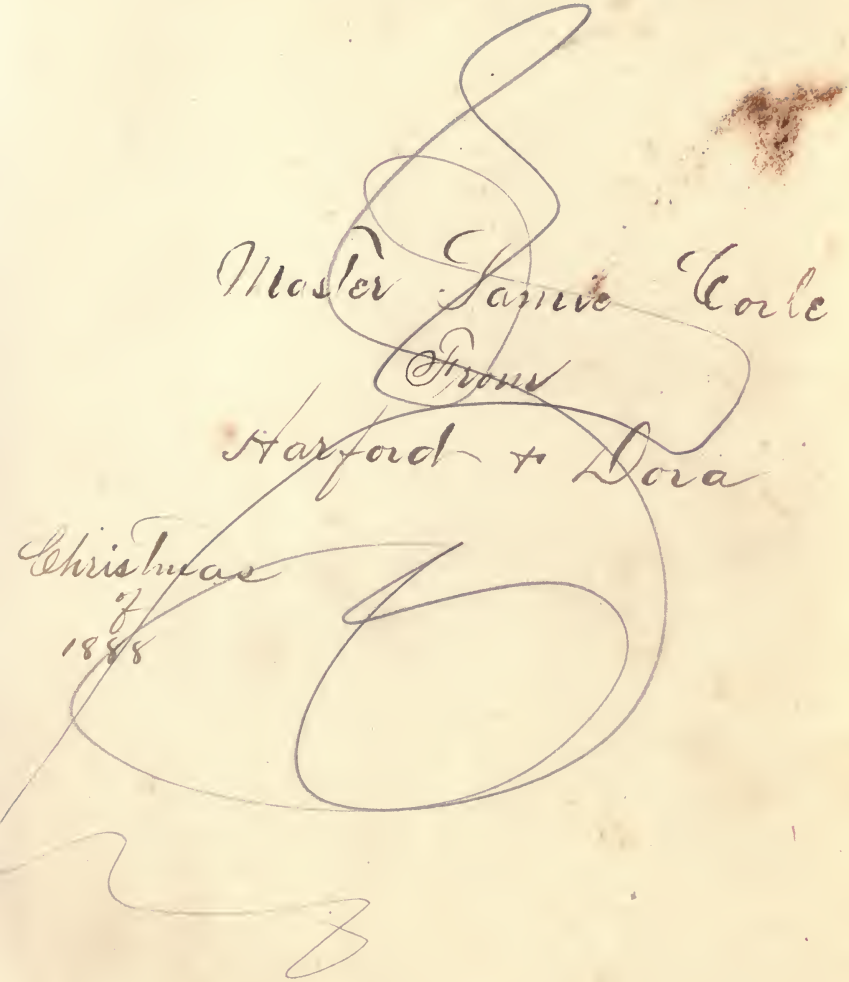
Master Jamie Cole
From
Harford & Dora
Christmas
1888

The Long Sermon.

OH, the sun is bright and the day is fair,
And the sweet breeze wanders everywhere,
And the sweet birds sing as they lightly fly,
And I wish we could join them, Joe and I.

We were bidden to listen, and so we do,
Shut up in the narrow and stuffy pew;
Behaving just as well as we can
We look over there at the preacher-man.

We can't understand, though we take such pains;
All sense seems gone from our little brains;
So we just sit quiet as best we may,
And wait till the long hour wears away.

Oh, how can he have so much to say,
The preacher-man, such a lovely day?
And what in the world he is talking about
We do not know and we can't find out.

OUR BOYS.

STORIES, POEMS AND SKETCHES,

BY LAURIE LORING, LOUISA M. ALCOTT, SARA CONANT, CELIA THAXTER, OLIVE THORNE, AND ROGER QUIDDAM.

Edited by THOMAS W. HANDFORD.

BEAUTIFULLY ILLUSTRATED.

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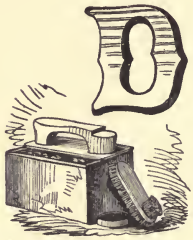


DUSTY little Tim stood on Park Row, blacking box and brush in hand, crying, "Shine, sir—shine!"

From seven in the morning till noon Tim had captured eight customers, and he had just turned a somerset, rejoicing over his good luck.

"Hi! forty cents! ain't I rich, though!"

"How goes it wid you?" said a familiar voice.

Tim started to his feet, and faced his rival, Bill.

"Ye don't seem glad to see me," laughed Bill.

"No more I ain't," answered Tim, frankly. "Hoped ye'd gone for good."

Bill had been missing for a week.

"Tried Union Square," he explained; "'tain't wot it's cracked up to be up there."

As Bill spoke, an old gentleman came along, whose boots were dusty indeed.

"Shine, sir—shine!" Tim and Bill both pounced upon him, speaking together.

"He's mine," cried Bill; "I seed him fust. Git along, you! Had it to yeself long nuff. Git along!"

"I seed him quick as you," said Tim.


REED
MATTHEWS
ADAMSON SC.

"Don't quarrel," said the old gentleman, looking distressed.

"It hain't quarlen we be," explained Bill. "I have them what I hollers to fust, and he has them what he hollers to fust."

"But if you both speak at once, what then?"

"Then the gent picks atween."

"Well, I take the small one," the old man said, looking behind him for Tim.

But Tim had retreated around the corner, warned by the threatening fist of big Bill. Bill often played the tyrant in a small way.

"He hain't no account, any how," said Bill; he hain't no strent in his arms, like me, to shine."

"Go ahead, then."

Bill blacked the old man's dusty boots, and was handed a fifty cent stamp to change. He had not a penny in his pockets; so he beckoned to Tim, who had ventured in sight again.

"Got stamps for this, hey?"

Tim produced four ten cent bits and two fives.

"It's wuth ten, so it is," said Bill, as the old man counted the change.

"Is it? I thought five was the regular price."

"But yer boots were more 'an riglar dirty," complained Bill.

"I'll give you each five," said the old man. "You, little fellow, drink my health in lemonade; it's a hot

day." He wiped his forehead with his yellow silk handkerchief, and went on his way.

"He's a jolly old cove," said little Tim, rubbing his hands in delight.

"Jolly for ye!" growled Bill. "Ye have five for nothin'; that's luck; and you've always got money saved up too," he went on, enviously. "I have nary red."

"But ye make lots more nor I," said Tim. "I made three dollar fifteen last week — a heap for me ye know. Now, I've most four dollar saved up for something."

"What're ye goin' to do wid it?" asked Bill.

"Give it to Granny Maloy for nussin' me when I was sick."

"I wouldn't give it to any granny," said Bill; "I'd go on a bust."

Tim shook his head.

The next morning Bill was on the ground first; he had already blacked two pairs of boots, when Tim appeared. "I'm head o' ye," said Bill.

"Ye-e-s," returned Tim, looking down at his bare toes, and then at Bill, as if there was something else he wanted to say.

"Wal, what're ye starin' at me wid cat's eyes fer?" cried Bill, angrily.

"Did ye know that I changed for ye were a bad one?" asked Tim, faintly.

"Did I know?" cried Bill, his fists uplifted.

"I didn't mean ye *did* know," gasped Tim. "Coorse ye didn't; but it were."

"He'd orter be tuck up," cried Bill, with indignation.

"I guess he couldn't a-knowed," said Tim; "but—but—ye'll take it back?"

"Now, lookee here," said Bill, squaring his elbows; "it hain't me's to blame. Ef ye ever ketch him passin', lay hold onter him; that's all wot I says."

"Ef you'd let me borry that much of ye, I'd pay it back, 'cause Granny—"

"Git out!" roared Bill. "I hain't nothin' but ten pence, as I made this mornin'; an' ef I had oceans on oceans, you'd git none for yer granny."

Tim fell back.

Noon came, and Tim had only made five cents. Bill had flourished his long, stout arms even more than usual.

"He means to drive me off altogether," said Tim to himself. "I'll try somewhar else to-morry, though they's all about alike. They's always some one to knock ye down."

Later in the day, as Tim stood, the picture of care, in front of the Times Building, he saw an old gentleman rushing by. Then he caught a glimpse of a yellow silk handkerchief.

"Stop him, Bill—stop him!" he cried, at the top of his voice.

Bill saw the old man; but he did not move. Tim ran himself as fast as his feet would carry him after the owner of the yellow handkerchief. Cars and carts, and vehicles of all kinds blocked up the way. Tim dashed in among them.

"Take care!" cried a driver.

It was too late. A policeman held little Tim in his arms. A crowd gathered around.

"Is he kilt?" asked a ragged youth, blacking box and brush in hand. It was Bill.

"Might as well be," answered the policeman, gruffly; but a tear fell on Tim's yellow hair.

The crowd fell back at command, and Tim was borne away.

"'Twern't my fault," Bill said stoutly to himself all the rest of the afternoon; yet every now and then he felt a strange choking in his throat.

The next forenoon Bill was very diligent, and up to one o'clock he had made seventy cents. "I wonder if they'll let a fellar like me in," he said to himself, as he counted over the money; "but anyways, I kin send up the stuff."

Of a sidewalk dealer he bought some oranges, lemons, and bananas. Then he started for Bellevue Hospital.

"No admittance without a permit."

"That's the how, eh?" Bill said, scowling at the clerk a moment; then he asked, in a voice rough, but with an undertone of anxiety, "Tim's alive yet?"

"Who?"

"Little Tim, wot was run over wid the cars yesterday."

"There are so many brought in," answered the clerk. "What is his other name? I'll look on the books."

"Never heerd wot his other name were. A little mite of a fellar — barefoot — yaller hair."

"I remember him now," answered the clerk; ribs knocked in; he is dead."

Bill hurried away without a word his face was

working; he brushed away hot tears with his ragged sleeve. "Dead! Dead!" he kept repeating. He walked across town to Madison Square. On his way he gave the oranges, and lemons, and bananas that he had bought for Tim, to a little beggar girl; she began to devour them on the spot. He walked away from her, crying.

"Ef I only knowed where Granny Maloy lived, I'd go see her," he thought.

"So you've deserted the field to the other."

Bill started; he half clinched his fists, as if he would strike the old man who spoke to him. "It's you kilt him, not me," he said, fiercely.

"What do you mean?" asked the old man, drawing out his yellow handkerchief.

"I wish it was *me* dead instead," said Bill, turning his face away. "It was you did it," he went on, brokenly. "I know them doctors; they'll hack him all into pieces."

In another minute the old man knew all. He looked cut to the heart. "Dead!" he said; "and all because of a counterfeit stamp."

"He didn't b'lieve you knowed 'twas bad. Ef ye are good, leastways ye'll bury him in a coffin — won't ye?"

I'll bury him in Greenwood in my own lot," the old man said, with tears.

Bill retraced his steps hand in hand with the other.

A little later, together they leaned over a little still form, with pale, yellow hair.

* * * * * * * *

In Greenwood little Tim sleeps, a white cross, crowned with stars, at his head. On the cross is written, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven." Bill is trying to learn the meaning of these words. He has taken up little Tim's work. It would be too long a story to tell you how he hunted up Granny Maloy, and how peaceful he is making her last days; but I must tell you that as Bill stands in his box on Park Row, selling papers (for he keeps a news stand now), he gives many a saddened glance to the little boys who pass by, crying, —

"Shine, sir — shine!"

"If it were only to do over again," he says.

But we can never live over the past.

MARY HAINES GILBERT.

FIRST RIDE.

I THINK few little boys ever enjoyed anything more than Willie did his first ride on old Charlie.

Charlie was papa's farm horse; and he was so slow and steady, that Willie was as safe upon his back as upon his rocking-horse at home.

Willie was *all horse,* as the saying is. When a wee bit of a baby, nothing delighted him so much as a gallop on papa's foot. Papa's shoulder was a pretty good horse, but not as lively and frisky as his foot. He travelled half round the world on that same willing steed before he was two years old.

The gift of a gay pair of worsted reins on his second birthday, gave him more genuine pleasure than the gift of hundreds of dollars would at a later day, probably.

As Willie grew older, chairs and tables seemed to lose their resemblance to horses, or his imagination was less vivid. Something was the trouble, for his constant cry was,

"Willie wants horse! Willie wants horse with head — with eyes — with feet! Willie wants horse go fast — fast as papa's!"

So papa and mamma considered the question. The result was, that the evening before Willie's third birthday, a large package was left at the door by the expressman. It was quietly placed in the shed until Willie was asleep for the night. And it seemed as though his eyes were never so long closing before.

At last he was snugly tucked into his little bed; then papa tip-toed into the sitting-room with a beautiful large rocking-horse. He placed it, amid many whispered comments, where Willie would see it the moment he entered the room in the morning. Papa, mamma, and sister Mina must all be present then.

He came down in his little white night-dress. Stopping short at the unexpected sight, he rubbed his eyes, then ran and clasped the miniature horse about the neck, crying,

"Little horsey!—little horsey! Willie hug you hard!"

Then he stepped back for a better look. Putting a fat finger into the horse's mouth, he said, "Him got mouth! Ha! ha! ha!" On travelled his finger to his eyes. "Him got eyes. Ha! ha! ha!"

His four feet were greeted in the same way. And the eager little fingers touched almost every inch of his treasured horse before he could be coaxed away long enough to be dressed.

After dressing he must take a ride to give him an appetite. He had not thought of riding before—

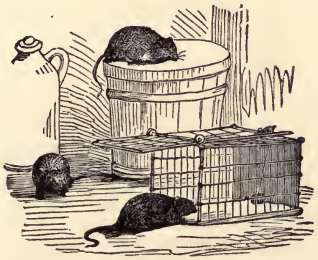
mere possession was enough. But he had a healthy boy's appetite, so it was not necessary to coax him to the breakfast-table.

Willie and Bobby — as he called his horse — now became inseparable companions. For the first few weeks he could not bear separation even through the night; so Bobby was hitched to his crib. And many times he was found asleep with one chubby hand clasping Bobby's mane.

It is Willie's fervent hope that Bobby will grow up into a large black horse — he is very partial to black horses — so that he can use him when he is an old man.

For this purpose he gives him a generous supply of grass and oats every day. Often he brings in the grass in his little straw hat. He insists that Bobby likes to eat it out of his hat, better than from any basket in the house. After eating, Willie never forgets to water him. And if water makes horses grow, Bobby ought to be a large horse in a few years.

LAURIE LORING.



MRS. RAT'S CHILDREN.

"O mother," said Silky,
"I saw in the shed
The funniest rat-house
Without any bed."

"Dear Mother," said Light-foot,
"I saw in the shed
A great tub of snap-corn—
But two kernels red."

"And, mother," said Bob-tail,
"I saw in the shed
A jug of molasses—
'Twas higher'n my head!"

"Come, mother! Come help us!"
The rat-children cried;
To make mother aid them
They eagerly tried.

"My darlings, just listen,"
Said wise Mrs. Rat.
"I know where there's something
Much better than that."

"Come out to the corn-bin;
There, safe as can be,
O'er meal-bags and meal-bags
You'll scamper with me."

LAURIE LORING.

OUR LITTLE NEWSBOY.

HURRYING to catch a certain car, at a certain corner, late one stormy night, I was suddenly arrested by the sight of a queer-looking bundle lying in a door-way.

"Bless my heart, it's a child! O John! I'm afraid he's frozen!" I exclaimed to my brother, as we both bent over the bundle.

Such a little fellow as he was, in the big, ragged coat; such a tired, baby face, under the fuzzy cap; such a purple, little hand, still holding fast a few papers; such a pathetic sight altogether, was the boy, lying on the stone step, with the snow drifting over him,—that it was impossible to go by.

"He is asleep; but he'll freeze, if left so long. Here, wake up, my boy; and go home, as fast as you can," cried John, with a gentle shake, and a very gentle voice.

The moment he was touched, the boy tumbled up, and, before he was half awake, began his usual cry, with an eye to business.

"Paper, sir? 'Herald!'—'Transkip!'—Last——"

a great gape swallowed up the "last edition;" and he stood blinking at us like a very chilly, young owl.

"I'll buy 'em all, if you'll go home, my little chap."

"All of 'em? — why, there's six!" croaked the boy, for he was as hoarse as a raven.

"Never mind, I can kindle the fire with 'em."

"Where do you live?" I asked, picking up the fifty cents that fell from the little fingers, too benumbed to hold it.

"Mills Court; out of Hanover."

"He can't go all that way in this storm, John."

"Of course, he can't; we'll put him in a car," began John; when the boy wheezed out, —

"No; I've got ter wait for Sam. He'll be along, as soon's the theatre's done. He said he would; and so I'm waitin'."

"Who is Sam?" I asked.

"He's the feller I lives with. I ain't got any folks, and he takes care o' me."

"Nice care, indeed," I said, crossly.

"Hullo! the lights is out!" cried the boy. "Why the play's done, and the folks gone; and Sam's forgot me."

It was very evident, that Sam *had* forgotten him, and a strong desire to shake Sam possessed me.

"No use waitin' any longer; and now my papers is sold, I ain't afraid to go home," said the boy.

"Stop a bit, my little Casabianca; a car will be along in fifteen minutes."

"My name's Jack Hill, not Cassy Banks, please, sir," said the little party, with dignity.

"Have you had your supper, Mr. Hill?" asked John, laughing.

"I had some peanuts, and two sucks of Joe's orange; but it warn't very fillin'," he said, gravely.

"I should think not. Here!—one stew; and be quick, please," cried John, as we sat down, in a warm corner of the confectioner's, opposite.

"There goes our car; and it's the last," said John, looking at me.

"Let it go, but don't leave the boy."

"Here is his car. Now, my lad, bolt your last oyster, and come on."

"Good-night, ma'am!—Thankee, sir!" croaked the grateful, little voice, as the child was caught up in John's strong hands, and set down on the car-step.

We didn't mind the storm much, as we plodded home; and when I told the story to Rosy-face, next day, his interest quite reconciled me to the sniffs and sneezes of a bad cold.

"If I saw that poor little boy, Aunt Weedy, I'd love him lots!" said Freddy, with a world of pity in his beautiful child's eyes.

L. M. Alcott.

DREAMING.

NAUGHTY, imprudent, fanciful Nan,
Dreaming as only a dreamer can,
Wandering home with reluctant feet,
Culling wild blossoms and berries sweet,
Never once thinking the hour was late,
Fell fast asleep at the garden-gate.

She dreamed of another garden fair,
With happy children disporting there;
Of trees and flowers, and bursts of song
Filling the air the whole day long;
Of gorgeous, golden-winged butterflies;
Of summer's beauty 'neath summer's skies.

Idly above in the blossoms swung
Dainty birds with melodious tongue;
And round about her the bees of June
Sleepily murmured their drowsy tune:
"For ever and ever," they seemed to say,
"Your life shall be like this summer day."

The shadows of tender thought arise,
And weigh with slumber her heavy eyes;

It weaves a tissue of hopes and dreams
With misty glories and rainbow gleams:
Too brief the moment she seemed to stand
In that beautiful, blissful, fairy land.

Poor little Nan! What an idle dream!
And the world will only the darker seem,
When you wake, and find yourself alone
By the garden-gate, on a mossy stone,
Wasting the whole of your summer day:
You might far better have been at play.

JOE'S FOURTH OF JULY.

"MOTHER, I want to have a real good Fourth this year. Will you grant me a favor?"

"Don't you always have a 'good Fourth'? I thought you enjoyed the last very much."

"O, yes, I remember; but I want something different this year."

"Something besides pleasure?"

"Yes, independence."

"Well?"

"Let me do just as I please all day, without speaking to you about it at all."

Mrs. Wilton sewed a few minutes, then said,

"Yes, Joe; I will trust you."

Joe thanked her with a little loss of animation; for he felt put on his honor by the form of the permission.

"Can Bess be included in the general amnesty too?"

"If you can remember that she is younger than yourself, and must not be led into any harm."

Joe and Bess were busy all day—down by the shore, in the shed, in the kitchen, and up stairs, hardly willing to stop for dinner, which they swallowed with

haste. Joe's work went on into the evening; but Mrs. Wilton insisted that Bess should go to bed at the usual hour, maintaining that she did not relinquish her authority until the morning.

At daylight the next day there was a stir about the house, and as the sun gave the first glance over

the tops of the trees, a pack of fire-crackers and a small cannon went off simultaneously under Mrs. Wilton's windows. She sprang up, and looked out in time to see Joe fire two salutes in a similar manner.

"What are you doing, my son?"

"Celebrating my liberty."

"But you infringe mine when you make such a noise; for I can't sleep."

"I'm sorry I disturbed you, madam," replied Joe, touching his hat; "but I hope the mother country is not going to come down on the colonies now."

Mrs. Wilton laughed, and said,—

"No more than to eat my breakfast, my young republican."

After breakfast, Mrs. Wilton bade the children good bye, and drove away to Aunt Mary's.

"Now, Bess, load up, and we're off," said Joe, gathering up the baskets and traps of all kinds, and hurrying down to his boat.

"Are you going to take any one else?"

"No; I'll ship no other crew."

"Can't I take Trip? He wants to go."

"Well, he might be booked as a passenger. Now jump in, Bess, and we'll go to Ray's Island and take dinner, and then explore Sucker's Point. What do you say?"

"Good," said Bess, taking of her hat, and trailing her hands in the water.

"I say, Bess, what's Trip doing?" Bess seized Trip by the tail, and drew his head, with a doughnut in his mouth, out of a basket. "I won't have such a passenger; I'll put him overboard."

"No, no!" cried Bess. "Naughty Trip!"

"Then you must take care of him; you're steward."

When they reached the island, the planting of the American flag and firing of salutes, occupied the time until dinner. Then rowing across the lake, they spent the afternoon running about the point. Trip enjoyed this amazingly, and Joe discovered untold caves and mysteries; but Bess got tired, scratched her arm, and lost her hat.

After returning to the island, Bess asked,

"Are you not going home?"

"Not until evening. I have some Roman candles and a wheel that I am going to set off."

"But mother likes to have us home before dark."

"She said I might do as I pleased."

"Then we'll be on the lake in the night. Wouldn't it be splendid to let off the fireworks in the boat?"

"We'll do that," said Joe, "and I'll make a fire on the shore."

The fire was made, supper eaten, and preparations for the fireworks begun, when Bess noticed that the waves began to run high.

"It's going to storm, Joe."

"I think not: the sun set clear. Leave all to me: I'll take care of things."

When they went out the boat was pretty well tossed, and Joe, being in haste, let off some of his candles before it was fairly dark. The wind had risen, and the sky had an ominous darkness, which did not suggest a clear night.

"I think we'll put in, get our traps, and start for home," said Joe, suddenly rowing swiftly. His haste had come none too soon; for they had hardly reached the shore, when a storm burst upon them. "Get under that projecting rock," he cried, while he did his utmost to land and secure the boat.

But Bess came to his assistance, and in the midst of great struggles, with the rain and wind beating on them, she fell over into the water. Joe stooped to help her, and a large wave swept his boat away. Drenched in the rain, they ran to the rock for shelter.

"We are shipwrecked," said Bess.

"Never mind," replied Joe, drawing her close to him; "it's quite dry in here."

There was space for Bess to sit down, and Trip whimpered so, that Joe advised her to take him in her arms. "He'll keep you warm, too."

They were now out of the reach of the rain and wind, and the storm had settled into a steady rain. Joe told stories, sang songs—anything to keep up Bess's spirits; and so they waited. The hours, which seemed years, rolled on, and Bess went to sleep; but Joe's mind was too busy. He watched the stars twinkle out, and in the strangeness and awe of his position, did not sleep until nearly day.

The first ray of light waked Bess, and as she stretched her stiff legs, she tried to think where she was. The events of the night flashed across her mind,

and jumping up, she looked at the lake. The water was smooth and clear, and the opposite shore did not look so very far. Trip woke Joe with his antics of delight, and the children began to consider.

"Everybody else in the world is asleep," said Bess.

So they tried to while away the time. The sun rose, and day was fairly begun; but no hope of escape. Joe felt uneasy, and Bess gave gulps, which indicated a desire to, and a determination not to, cry. There was no use disguising it; they were miserable, and sat on the rocks together, watching the shore.

"There's a boat," cried Joe, at last, taking off his coat, and waving it distractedly.

As it drew nearer, they saw uncle George.

"Well, Joe, what are you up to now? Your mother is nearly crazy with anxiety."

"I couldn't help it; the boat was blown away."

"It's lucky you were not blown away in it. We haven't had such a storm this year."

Joe was very silent, and after they had been received at home, breakfasted, and made comfortable, he said,—

"Mother, I think we'll put ourselves under your protection a little longer, for we had to get the home government to help us out of our trouble."

"You're welcome back," said Mrs. Wilton, patting his shoulder.

SARA CONANT.

MAKE A GLAD NOISE TO THE LORD.

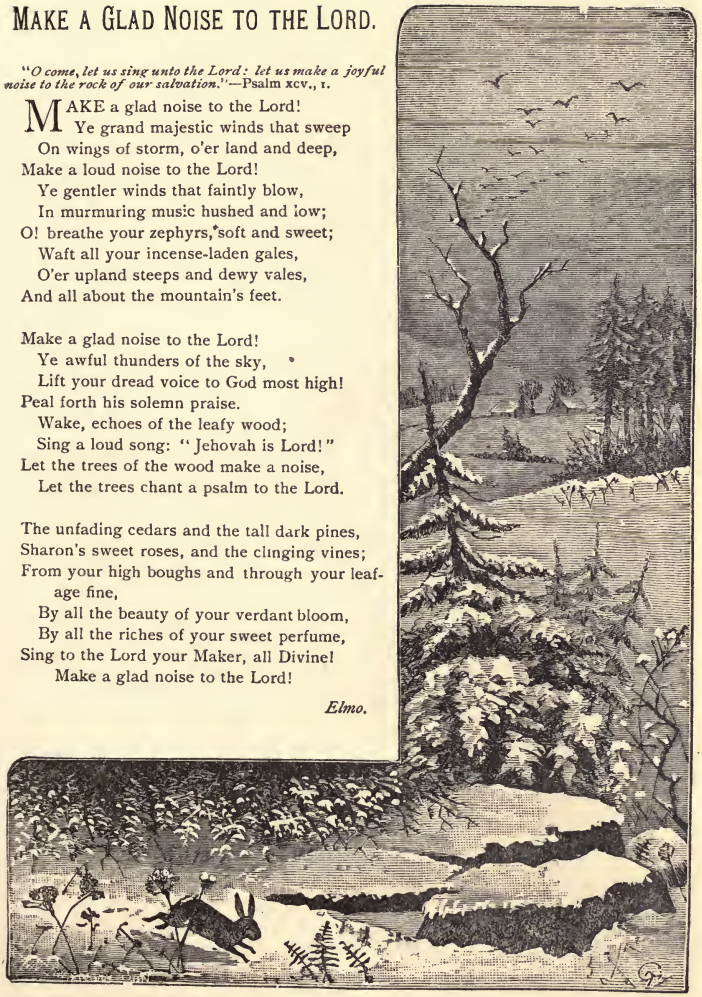
"O come, let us sing unto the Lord: let us make a joyful noise to the rock of our salvation."—Psalm xcv., 1.

MAKE a glad noise to the Lord!
Ye grand majestic winds that sweep
On wings of storm, o'er land and deep,
Make a loud noise to the Lord!
Ye gentler winds that faintly blow,
In murmuring music hushed and low;
O! breathe your zephyrs, soft and sweet;
Waft all your incense-laden gales,
O'er upland steeps and dewy vales,
And all about the mountain's feet.

Make a glad noise to the Lord!
Ye awful thunders of the sky,
Lift your dread voice to God most high!
Peal forth his solemn praise.
Wake, echoes of the leafy wood;
Sing a loud song: "Jehovah is Lord!"
Let the trees of the wood make a noise,
Let the trees chant a psalm to the Lord.

The unfading cedars and the tall dark pines,
Sharon's sweet roses, and the clinging vines;
From your high boughs and through your leafage fine,
By all the beauty of your verdant bloom,
By all the riches of your sweet perfume,
Sing to the Lord your Maker, all Divine!
Make a glad noise to the Lord!

Elmo.



GRANDMOTHER'S SPECS.

ELL, I think that is polite! Grandma expects me to sit still while she takes a nap instead of telling me stories. How selfish some people are."

As she spoke, little Patty looked angrily from the old lady nodding in her chair, to the book in her lap, and felt very much injured because she couldn't have her own way. The rain pattered on the window-pane, the wind blew dismally, and the winter afternoon was fast deepening into twilight. As she sat thinking about her wrongs, her eye wandered to the book again.

"Stupid old pictures, I've seen 'em a dozen times, and am tired of 'em. But there is no other book here, and I mustn't leave the room. I wonder how they'd look through grandma's specs."

Putting the glasses on her little nose, Patty turned a leaf and looked. Dear me, how very odd it was to be sure! A minute ago she saw a cat and kittens on the page, and now there was a picture she had never seen. A sweet, pale-faced lady lay in a bed and was putting a little baby into the arms of an old lady who seemed promising something with a tender yet sorrowful look.

"Why that's the way my dear mamma did when she gave me to grandma, the day she died! Papa told me about it," cried Patty, very much surprised. Wondering what had come to her book, she eagerly turned over another leaf, and there was a new picture.

This was a still more curious one, for the figures seemed to move. The same old lady was teaching the same baby to walk, so kindly, so patiently.

Next came pictures showing the baby a little girl, and the old lady still older, but as kind as ever. Judging from the pictures, the child was rather a careless, selfish little girl. One was where the child appeared to be nearly run over, and the old lady saved her, but

was much hurt herself. When Patty saw that, she looked very sober, and the pettish expression left her face, as she said, softly, —

"Yes, that's what grandma did for me; and that's how she got so lame. Poor grandma, I wish I'd got her cane for her when she asked me."

Patty's eyes grew so dim with tears that the page was all a blur, and, putting up her hand to wipe the drops away, the spectacles fell off and the strange pictures vanished.

Patty sat quite still for several minutes, thinking of all the unkind words she had said, the duties she had neglected, the loving acts she had left undone, and all she owed dear, kind, patient, grandma. She covered up her face and cried till her little handkerchief was quite wet, so full of repentant sorrow was she. Suddenly she thought, "It is'nt too late. I can be good to her now. What shall I do to show her how sorry I am?"

Wiping up her tears she looked about the room and saw plenty to do.

"How naughty I am to be so lazy and selfish, and disobedient. Dear grandma is too kind to punish me, but I ought to be punished, *hard*," said Patty.

Full of good resolutions she fell to work and turned over a new leaf at once, not waiting a minute or saying "I'll be good by and by." She cleaned up her playthings, found the cane and leaned it against grandma's

chair all ready for her. She put back the spectacles, picked up the stitches and laid the knitting on the old lady's lap; she folded the shawl softly round her, and grandma gave a little sigh as if the comfortable warmth pleased her. Then Patty built up a grand fire, swept the hearth, and sat down to wind the yarn.

Darker and darker it grew outside as night came on; harder blew the wind and faster fell the rain, but within it was bright and warm. Very thoughtful was Patty's rosy face as she sat so still; but that half hour did her much good, for she thought what she was, and what she hoped to be, and prayed a very sincere little prayer that she might keep her resolution, and be a faithful, loving child to grandma.

When the old lady woke, she rubbed her eyes and looked about her, feeling as if the good fairies had been at work while she slept. And so they had, for the best and loveliest of household fairies are Love and Cheerfulness. Patty had drawn up the round table and quietly set out the little tea tray with the tiny cups and plates, the old-fashioned spoons and funny plump teapot that grandma liked; had toasted the bread herself, just brown and nice, and got everything ready in the most cosey, tempting order one can imagine.

"Well, deary, what does it all mean?" cried grandma, smiling with surprise and pleasure, as she looked about her.

"It means that I'm trying to be good, and do my duty as I haven't done it for a long, long while;" and Patty put her arms round grandma's neck with a little quiver in her voice that went straight to the old lady's heart. Standing so, she told all that had happened, and grandma laughed and said it was only a dream. But Patty was sure it was true, only the spectacles wouldn't show any more of the strange pictures when she tried again.

"Never mind, my darling, they show me the dearest, most dutiful of little daughters, and I'm quite satisfied," said grandma.

L. M. ALCOTT.

NED'S TEAM.

"NED, this seems the only way. I'm as sorry as you can be, for I intended you to have a good education; and this will put you back."

"Never mind, father. I'm not very old yet. I'll haul the wood and study, too."

Ned Marston looked cheerfully into his father's pale face as he said this. If his father had not been suffering from bodily pain, he would have seen something about the frank, boyish face, however, which indicated mental pain. But the

wood, as well as his infirmities, weighed heavily on Mr. Marston's mind.

Turning, as well as his aching limbs would permit, he looked from the window, then said, "Seems like a pleasant day out. Can't you hitch up the horses and begin now?"

"Yes, father, if you think best."

"Well, I guess 'tis. 'Twill be a long job any way."

Ned went directly to the barn; but instead of taking out the horses at once, he sat down on the sled and drew a long, hard breath. A great cloud of despair seemed suddenly to overshadow him. The light was all gone from his face.

"Father *thinks* he's as sorry as I am; but he *can't* be," was his thought. And in spite of his efforts to the contrary, two large tears rolled down his face. "I meant to keep at the head of the class and graduate next spring — instead — *hauling wood!* I can't do it — can't give up all my pet plans!"

Ned covered his face with his hands. Thoughts of his father's kindness in the past — of his mother's love and patience — of his darling baby sister, passed rapidly through his mind. It was his duty to haul the wood. He felt as sure of it, as of the reluctant, selfish spirit which prompted him to refuse. If his duty to do it at all — then do it cheerfully. Should he add to his mother's cares and burdens? Never!

"God will see to my education, if I see to the wood;

mother'd say; and — well, I know she's right, though I can't talk about such things. I declare, I'd like to cry it out, as girls do. But if I stop for that, father'll begin to wonder what the trouble is; so good-by to books and tears for the present.

"Now for the wood! But, mind you, Graytop, and you, old Duke, I sha'n't have you for companions always. Step round lively! I mean work now — *and I mean study by and by.*"

Ned was not a boy to do things by halves. He resolved that no one, not even his mother should suspect what a trial it was to him; so, day after day, he walked manfully by the side of his team, whistling as he went, or exchanging pleasant greetings with the other teamsters. The evening always found him with his beloved books.

Ned could not load the heaviest logs himself; but some of the men were always ready to help. They admired his courage and cheerful spirits, and rather prided themselves on the good looks of Ned and his team. No horses were kept in better condition through the winter than Ned's.

One day in February, Ned reached the mill just as two strangers stepped from their sleigh. He attended to his work as usual, not noticing that one of the men was watching him closely.

"So you like hauling wood better than studying?"

Ned started as these words sounded abruptly in

his ears. "No, sir; I'd a thousand times rather study," he replied.

"Why don't you then?"

"Because this wood had to be hauled, and father was sick and couldn't do it."

"He isn't too sick to sell the boards, is he?"

"No, sir. He'd be glad to."

The long and short of it was — the man not only bought the boards, but paid such a price — cash down — that Mr. Marston was able to hire a man to take Ned's place and finish the job.

Ned had improved his evenings so well, that a little extra help from his teacher for a few weeks, enabled him to graduate with his class in the spring. And not one left the school-room with such honor and such robust health as Ned Marston.

LAURIE LORING.

CARRY'S TROUBLES.

DEMURE little Carry, eleven to-day,
Has a world of annoyances, truly,
Assuming the charge, in a sisterly way,
Of venturesome Kitty, and mischievous May,
And bold Master Bob, the unruly.

Of course there is nurse to decide what is best
In cases of reckless resistance;
But if nurse is the captain, it must be confessed
That Carry affords, with unwearying zest,
A corporal's watchful assistance.

When Kitty was found up the pear tree, last week,
With skirts in the branches entangled,
How long, without Carry's most opportune shriek,
Beholding the sister she wandered to seek,
Would Kitty, head downward, have dangled?

And May, fairy May, with her curls' glossy gold,
And the brown eyes glimmering under,
Were it not for the hand-clasp, so firm to hold,
From her restless gypsyings manifold,
Would she come back as safe, I wonder?

And Bob — what so hazardous he would not dare,
All peril disdaining sublimely,
If somehow a hand were not always just there,
Intent upon saving "papa's son and heir,"
In time, from an end most untimely?

Poor Carry laments, now and then, that her days
Are troubled — with good reason, truly!
And yet how the love of those dear ones repays
All Kitty's mad pranks, and all mischief of May's,
All capers of Bob, the unruly!

EDGAR FAWCETT.

THE SQUINT-EYED PARTY.

ONE day, when George was playing near the gate of the lawn, he heard a boy going from school cry out to another, "No, squint-eye, you sha'n't go to our party;" and he saw poor homely Tim Dunn, with his crooked eyes and freckled face, crying and sobbing.

He put his little white hand through the rails of the fence, and said, "Here, little boy: you may have my new whistle. Don't cry any more."

Then he ran into the house, and asked, "Can't I have a squint-eyed party on the lawn, mamma, so as to 'vite that poor speckled boy?"

Of course his mamma laughed, and she said, "O George, dear! you are very kind; but I don't think there is any other squint-eyed boy round here but little Tim."

"Oh, yes, mamma! you forget. There is lame Sam with such a thick sole on his shoe, and the boy that had his hand cut off in the hay-cutter, and"—

"But they are not squint-eyed, George," said his mother.

"Well, but it's in their feet and hand, and that's just as bad, isn't it, mamma?" asked the dear child.

George's brother was ten years old, and thought he knew a great deal more than this little fellow. "Ha,

ha! George thinks Sam is squint-eyed in his foot, and little Tom is in his hand."

But the mother said, "I know what George means. He pities such boys, and wants to make them happy. He shall have the tent pitched on the lawn, and have the poor boys here; and I will help him to make them happy. His party will be like the one we read of in the Bible, to which the halt and the maimed and the blind were invited. — Go, William, pitch the tent, and then ask these boys to George's party."

NELLY'S FAULT.

"I WONDER who wants to knit me some nice warm mittens," said grandma one day.

"Oh, I do, I do!" cried Nelly, clapping her hands, and dropping a lapful of flowers.

"These little 'I do's' put me in mind of the wee fairies," said grandma, smiling: "they dance about finely in the sunshine, but they melt away if you look at them with your spectacles on."

Nelly blushed, and hung her head; for she knew as well as grandmamma how her little promises were apt to melt away, and be forgotten: she knew well how many things she had begun which were still unfinished, and how often she played or read story-books when

she had work to do. Grandma was sorry for this naughty habit, and was trying to help Nelly overcome it.

"Why, grandma," said Bob, "this is flower-time: nobody wants mittens in summer."

"It is the wise little ants," said grandma, "who lay up a store for the winter. You may be a butterfly, my dear."

"Mayn't I make your mittens?" asked Nelly, laying her little soft cheek against grandma's. "I promise sure not to get tired, and I knit most as well as you do now."

"So you do, dear," said grandma. "Well, I have some pretty gray and red yarn: if the little one would like to make me some mittens to keep my old hands warm on Thanksgiving Day, I shall be very glad."

That was all Nelly heard; but, after she had gone off with her flowers, grandma said to Nelly's mamma,—

"I shall be so glad if Nelly can learn to be faithful in these little things! I think, if she has my mittens done by Thanksgiving, I must give her a fine new sled."

Now, this was what Nelly had longed and wished for more than any thing else: so her mamma cried out gladly,—

"Oh! I will tell her at once, and she will be sure to have them done."

"No, no, you must not do that, my dear," said the

kind old grandma. "I want to cure her of this bad habit; but she must finish them from love of me, not for a reward."

Nelly began the mittens the very next day; and she worked right well for a time. The gray yarn was very pretty; but she wanted so much to get to the red stripes at the wrist! But, when one mitten was finished, the other began to drag. Some days, if you will believe it, she would only knit a dozen stitches before she became very tired. Then her mamma would say gently, —

"Nelly dear, if I were you, I would make more haste with grandma's mittens, or her hands will be cold Thanksgiving Day."

Then perhaps for a day or two the little girl would be quite industrious, and it would really seem as though the mittens might be finished, after all; but Thanksgiving was drawing near, and the last one grew slowly.

There was a grand snow-storm one week before Thanksgiving, and Nelly had a great deal of sliding and snow-balling to attend to; besides, the thought of the Thanksgiving party at grandma's made it hard to sit down quietly at any thing.

However, on the day before Thanksgiving the mitten was almost finished; and when mamma went out in the afternoon she said to Nelly, —

"My dear, if you keep very busy, you can easily get through, and grandma will be so glad!"

Mamma smiled; for she knew that this very after-

noon grandma was going to buy the prettiest sled she could find for little Nelly.

So Nelly began to knit, singing all the while to herself; and for full fifteen minutes she never stopped once. But then — it was such a pity! — uncle Joe had given her a new book only the day before, with wonderful stories in it of Cinderella and Bluebeard and Red Riding-Hood; and Nelly had been so foolish as to lay the book right on the sofa, where she could see it as she worked.

She wouldn't open it once; oh, no! But presently she did want so much to see what the first story was about; and then — presto! before you could say "Jack Robinson," she had forgotten all about grandma and the mittens. When mamma came home, she was sitting on the floor, sobbing over Little Red Riding-Hood as if her heart would break.

Well, what do you think came next? Nelly was very sorry: but the mitten was tucked away in a drawer; and the next morning she had almost forgotten it, in her joy at going to grandma's.

There were a great many uncles and aunts and cousins at grandma's before Nelly arrived; and they were all sitting around in the parlor, waiting for the church-bell to ring. There was so much kissing and hugging, that it would almost take your breath away to speak of it. Grandma was sitting in her great easy-chair; and, when Nelly went up to kiss her, she held

the little girl's hand tight in hers, and said aloud, so that everybody could hear, —

"My dear little Nelly has been making me a beautiful pair of mittens to wear to church to-day, and I am very much pleased. I am going to surprise her with something that I know will make her very happy. I am glad the snow came in time."

Grandma looked behind the chair, and drew out a sled, which was so pretty that all the children raised a shout of joy.

Only Nelly hung her head, and the tears began to roll down her soft little cheeks.

"There is my gift for Nelly, and here is Nelly's gift for me," said the dear old lady. And, what do you think? she held up a pair of mittens just like Nelly's!

Nelly looked in wonder. Could some beautiful angel have come down and finished them while she was asleep? A naughty little thought told Nelly to keep still, and not say a word about it: grandma would never know.

"I won't keep still, now, so!" said Nelly to herself.

And she said, looking right in grandma's eyes, "You hadn't better give me that sled, grandma. I did mean to be goody, and uncle Joe hadn't oughter given me any story-book. I didn't just quite finish that last mitten; and oh! grandma, couldn't I try just once more?" She threw herself sobbing and crying into grandma's arms.

Don't you believe grandma wanted to give her the sled just there on the spot? Of course she did.

Uncle Joe stepped up, with a funny look in his eyes, and said, if it was any fault of his, he was willing to be punished. He would take the children all riding on the new sled after church, and then Nelly should not see it again for two whole weeks.

"Very well," said grandma.

Did mamma finish the mittens? Oh, dear, no! Mamma was too wise. Who, then? grandma? No, indeed!

Why, Nelly's older sister, who didn't know about the sled, but felt sorry for the dear little lazy Nelly, and took them to grandma herself.

PUSSY AND I.

LITTLE pussy whitey toes,
You funny, wee, wee cat,
I guess I know, and grandpa knows,
Who slept in his new hat.

Oh you cunning little pet!
Dear grandpa cannot tell

Who crushed his bed of mignonette,
Or how the cactus fell.

Nursie says, "You careless girl,
To break the china vase!
You left my work-box in a whirl,
And tore my pretty lace."

All my pennies from both banks
I paid her for the loss.
Ah, kit! your merry, roguish pranks
Make nursie look so cross!

Oh you fatty, puffy ball!
I have to bear the blame:
They don't suspect you, you're so small.
Now, is it not a shame?

POOR JACK.

HE stood looking into the window of a corner bakery, — only a poor, ragged boy, with his face unwashed, and rough, coarse hair falling over it. He was so dirty, that I think you would have drawn your

dainty little silk dress away for fear of touching him. Maybe you would have wondered how such a dirty boy could bear to be out on the street.

But, oh! how hungry he was! — had had only one poor, dry crust all yesterday, and that he picked out of a barrel. *Didn't* he wish some one would let him shovel a sidewalk, or chop a little wood, if they only gave him a loaf of bread in return! For his two little sisters were so hungry! He guessed they would die, most likely, unless the mission people came to help them. How he loved them too!

Mother told him to take care of them: yes, so she did. But what could a fellow do out in the big world, and everybody going by as if they didn't see him? "Mother said God would help; but God don't seem to hear."

The big tears gathered in his eyes; but he wouldn't

let them fall. What was the use, when nobody would pity them?

If he only could take a loaf back to Susy and Jennie! if he only —

Just then a little girl came tripping by, holding her mamma's hand. She had ten cents in her pocket, — ten whole cents, to spend for herself just as she liked, you see. She and her mother had been thinking what to buy, — candy or peanuts, or a new head for dolly.

"Oh, see, mamma!" she said softly, stopping short in her little tripping walk. "Isn't he dirty? and what does he want?"

"Bread, I guess, Nelly. He looks hungry."

"Oh, dear! Does he really, mamma? But why don't he go home and get a slice? Don't you s'pose his mother would give him some?"

"Ask him, dearie."

"Little boy," said Nelly, — "*big* boy, I mean, — do you want somefing?"

The big boy choked back his tears, and put his hands in his pockets.

"I saw you cry," said Nelly, — "two tears. Did your mamma whip you? Why don't you go home to dinner?"

"There ain't any dinner; and mother's dead," he said.

"Oh!" said Nelly softly, taking hold of his ragged coat-sleeve: "then why don't you eat bread and butter?"

"There ain't any bread, nor nothin' else."

"Oh, dear!" sighed Nelly, grieved to the heart at the thought of such misery.

"Do you s'pose," she said, "if you had ten cents that would help? and — and do you s'pose you'll be awful good if I give it to you? because, don't you see, my dolly can't have a new head."

Would you believe it? the poor boy began to cry.

They took him into the bakery; and you couldn't begin to guess how many things that ten cents paid for, — two loaves of bread, and a nice cake, and a quart of good rich milk, with a pail to carry it in. At least, Nelly thought she paid for all these things herself; and she wondered how mamma could say it cost so much to keep house.

Then they went home with poor Jack, and made friends with his little sisters; and they all cried together. Nelly would have liked to give away half of all her own clothes, to make the little girls warm and comfortable; and begged her mamma that they might be her sisters, and go home to live with her. "If they only will wash clean," she added in a whisper; "for the dirt *mightn't* come off, you know."

There were no more hungry times after that; for a kind gentleman gave Jack work to do, and the little sisters were well fed and clothed. Jack began to think in his own heart, that, after all, God must have heard, and sent little Nelly to bring his answer.

THE KINGBIRD.

OH, little folk, eager at pictures to look,
And hear wonderful stories told,
Do any, I wonder, who read in this book,
Know aught of the kingbird bold?

He's only a flycatcher, dusky and small,
The robin is larger than he;
But, big birds or little, he lords it o'er all,
As saucy as saucy can be.

He chases the eagles, the hawks, and the crows,
Till weary they are of their life;
And after his frolic, triumphant he goes,
Singing, "Victory!" home to his wife:

And perched on a twig by the side of the nest,
Twitters loud of the conquests he won;
He smooths the white feathers so soft on his breast,
And tells her the news and the fun.

And, "Fear nothing, sweet!" he cries, proudly and glad,
As she sits in her bower of green;
"Not a bird dare approach, for good purpose or bad,
While I guard you, and watch, little queen."

So, over the pretty eggs, speckled with brown,
She patiently broods day and night;
Till out peep the tiny young heirs to the crown,
All alive, and so hungry and bright!

And when they are grown, every prince of them bears,
Hidden under his ashen-gray crest,
The crown of red gold that the father-bird wears—
Of his race and his kingship the test.

If you watch, little folk, in the blue summer sky,
You may see him pursuing the crow,
Or the dignified eagle, or hawk, strong and sly,
And 'tis none but the kingbird you'll know.

When, late in September, the maple-leaves burn,
They gather together for flight;
And whither they go, you'll perhaps like to learn,
When they vanish away in the night.

South-westward, to Mexico! High in the air,
Upborne on their powerful wings,
Flying dauntless and steady, with head winds, or fair,
Push forward these resolute kings.

And, when the snow chills us, and bitter winds bite,
  And tempests are roaring amain,
In that wonderful, tropical land of delight,
  They revel in summer again.

CELIA THAXTER.

THE RUINED NEST.

Twitter the swallows
  With grief and fear—
Ruined the home-nest
  They held so dear.

Eggs they had cherished
  At such a cost—
Promise of birdlings
  Shattered and lost.

LAURIE LORING.

TRUE CONTENTMENT;

OR, OLD RICHARD'S MAXIM.

When I hear men around me so loudly complaining—
"Our work is too hard, and too little our gaining!"
I think of poor Richard, the honest old fellow,
With a face like a pippin, so ruddy and mellow.

From youth to old age never shrank he from labor—
For master, for self, for a bed-ridden neighbor:
His maxim was this—which he never repented—
"Do your work like a man: with your lot be contented!"

Not the contentment that lingers and grovels
Uncaring, uncared for, in poverty's hovels,—
Toiling and moiling and thriftlessly spending,
And never a thought on the morrow expending:

No, no! His contentment was higher and truer,
And made his means great as it made his wants fewer;
That nerved his right arm, and gave firmness and power
To grasp the sharp thorn with the sweet-scented flower.

ROGER QUIDDAM.

The Legend of Robin Red-breast.

BEARING His cross, forth went the Christ forlorn,
His God-like forehead by the mock-crown torn,
A little bird took from that crown one thorn,
To soothe the dear Redeemer's throbbing head.
That bird did what she could; His blood, 'tis said,
Down dropping, dyed her tender bosom red.
Since then no wanton boy disturbs her nest,
All sacred deem the bird of ruddy breast. *Hoskyns-Abrahall.*

SKIP.

SKIP is a very cunning and a very smart little dog, living not far from the city of Boston. One day last spring he accompanied his two little mistresses, Hattie and Jennie, to the city. They all had a very nice time; but when they reached the depot, on their return, a sudden and heavy shower came up. How the little girls should get home without spoiling their pretty new suits was quite a puzzling question. At last Hattie said, "Let us send Skip for our umbrellas and waterproofs."

Skip stood by, looking earnestly at the girls, as if he knew they were in difficulty. Hattie wrote on the edge of a newspaper which she had with her, "We are caught in the rain: send us an umbrella and waterproof."

"Here, Skip," she said, "take this home, there's a nice doggy."

Skip wagged his tail, pricked up his ears, and, taking the paper in his mouth, scampered away as fast as he could go.

Arriving home, the little dog carried the paper to Hattie's mother, and stood looking at her until she said,—

"All right, Skip," and sent one of the boys down with the umbrella and waterproofs to the depot.

This is only one of the very intelligent things that Skip often does. He has a great many friends, and is very much petted, and is really quite a useful little dog.

"CAN'T HELP IT."

THAT was what Bert always said when any one blamed him for his careless ways.

Susie came in one morning. "O Bert!" she sobbed, "when you fed the rabbits, you left the door unlatched, and they came out and ran all over my garden; and they have ruined my best plants."

"Did they?" he said: "I'm real sorry, Sue; but I

can't help it. I meant to shut the door, and I thought I did." But poor Susie started for school with a very tearful face.

"Bert," called his mother, after he had caught the rabbits, "there is a very stormy-looking cloud in the south. You and Susie had better stay this noon. Your lunch is in front of the pantry-window." So Bert put it in a tin pail; and how nice it did look, to be sure! — biscuit and cold tongue and sponge-cake, and two little apple-turnovers.

"Here comes Bert, just in time to pitch for us," cried the ball-players as he neared the schoolhouse. He set the pail on the ground, and ran to his place.

"Hadn't you better leave it on the fence?" suggested one of the boys.

"No; it's all right," he said. But a hungry dog came up behind them; and, when the bell rang, nothing was left but the inside of the turnovers; for Bert had hurried away in the morning without waiting for the cover.

"Won't Sue be provoked, though?" he said to himself. "But I can't help it. Mr. Maloney ought not to starve his dog so."

The rain came, and at night he went into the kitchen to change his muddy shoes. He kicked them off, and one flew across the room into a basket of clean clothes just folded for ironing. Every article it touched would have to be washed over.

UNCLE BERT'S LETTER.

VENICE, *May* 5, 1869.

EAR LITTLE BESSIE, — I am writing you this letter from Venice. Now, Venice is the queerest place you ever saw or heard of. It is a city, where men and women live, just as they do in Boston; but it is built all in the water, and the streets are all the time full of water, like little rivers. When I tell you that it is built in the water, I don't mean that it is a city built on a large island, and water all around it; but it is like this: Suppose you should take your box of houses I gave you last Christmas, and stand the houses all together, and the two white churches, with the red roofs, and tall spires, alongside of the houses, and put them all in a tin pan. Now, if you should pour a little water in the pan, the houses would all be standing in the water. Well; that would be like Venice. It is built on seventy-two little islands, all close together, and the islands have little bridges across from one side to the other. Now all these seventy-two islands contain a great many houses, and their cellars are always in the water. Green seaweed, such as you find at Nahant, on the rocks, grows around all the houses.

"Well," you will say, "that must be a funny city." So it is. I wonder how you would like to live there? You would have to be very careful, for if you dropped your thimble out of the window, it would sink down into the water, and you could not find it again; or, if you should drop your beautiful Paris doll, she would get a cold bath, with all her fine clothes on.

Now, I will tell you what I have seen in Venice that's very odd. In the first place, there are two round, granite columns, very high, that stand near each other. On the top of one of these is a large stone lion, with great big white marble eyes. He is a very fierce-looking lion, with his mouth open, and his front paw lifted up; and he has great big wings too, like a large bird. Now, will you remember what I tell you about him? When you are reading in the Bible some day, you will learn of four great beasts that St. John saw in a dream. One of them was a lion, and had wings. They were supposed to represent the four of our Saviour's apostles who wrote the Gospels, — Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John. The lion was supposed to represent St. Mark. Well, when Venice was a flourishing city, many hundred years ago, the people prayed to St. Mark, and asked him to be the guardian of their city, and keep off all kinds of diseases from them, and preserve them from war. They built a very large church, too, and called it after St. Mark. So he is the saint of the city, and every one prays to him. I do not

think this is right, for they can have no one but God to help them. But the people who live in Venice believe St. Mark will always protect them. So they put a great stone lion on this pillar, where every one can see it, and it is called the lion of St. Mark. You know, we have the eagle on all our shields, and on the gold and silver money. That is because the eagle is the American emblem, just as the winged lion is the emblem of Venice.

Outside of the church of St. Mark are two large red flagstaffs, and the colors of Italy float from them now. Besides, there is a tall, square tower, with a pointed roof, in which is a large bell. A man lives in the tower all the time, and every half-hour he rings the bell. Then, too, near by, is a large clock. On it is a statue of the Virgin, and another gold lion of St. Mark. The clock is painted blue, and has gilt stars on it, to represent the heavens at night; and it has a gilt moon, which rises and sets whenever the real moon does. Two black men, made of wood, stand on each side of the great bell, — above the clock — and whenever it is a full hour, they beat with hammers on this bell. You would be greatly pleased to see them.

UNCLE BERT.

This is Bessie's reply to her Uncle's letter. She is only five, and I rather think her mother must have helped her: —

DEAR UNCLE, — I got your letter. I like what you said about Venice. My doll has broke her arm, and the sawdust came out. Papa will mend it. Did you see the big lion with wings? Winnie put it near the stove, and her eye melted out. I have got a kitten with a bell on her neck. She drinks milk; when are you coming home? I should be afraid of losing all my playthings, if I lived in Venice. Could my kitten live in Venice? Old Billy is lame. Papa won't whip him, and he won't go fast. I put my houses in the bath-tub, and all the paint came off. Does the paint come off in Venice? My doll is sick. Mamma sends her love, and I send a kiss; it has got the measles. Good-bye. BESSIE.

TOWZER.

LITTLE ALICE, with her pitcher,
Dainty, fair, and sweet,
Stands with slender arms uplifted,
And small naked feet.

"Alice, Alice," growled old Towzer,
"Let me drink, I pray."
Little Alice, with her pitcher,
Turned her head away.

Don't you see, you queer old Towzer,
Those sweet ruby lips,
How they bend to meet the pitcher
With small dainty sips?

But your lips are large and ugly:
If she lets you drink,
Would she let you use her pitcher,
Towzer, do you think?

"If you only wouldn't slobber,
Doggy dear!" she said,
Bending down to stroke old Towzer
On his shaggy head.

Then she stooped, and poured the water
In her tiny hand:
Towzer drank, and thought this goblet
Best in all the land.

A PROVIDENT LITTLE BIRD.

"GOOD-MORNING, little birdie: tell us again your name."

"Chick-a-dee, chick-a-dee," answered little black-cap.

"So you have come for your breakfast of sunflower seed, have you?"

"Chick-a-dee, chick-a-*dee*," was again his reply.

"Well, here it is;" and I threw a handful on the snow under the window. "But where are your companions?"

Little birdie only sang as before, "Chick-a-dee, chick-a-dee-dee," and then flew down and began his work.

Taking up a seed, he would fly to a tree near by, choose a suitable twig, on which he would firmly hold the seed with both feet, and then peck and peck till he opened it. How rapidly does his little head, like a hammer, go back and forth as he pecks away, scattering the bits of dark chips on the snow beneath, as with blow after blow he strikes his sharp bill into the shell! After drawing out the meat, holding it tightly on the twig as at first, he quickly eats it up, piece by piece; and then down he goes for another.

By and by I happened to notice, that after pecking away at a seed, and, as I supposed, eating it, he would fly off somewhere for a minute before flying down for another seed as usual.

"Ah, little birdie!" thought I, "what does this mean? I'll find you out if I can."

So the next time I followed him with my eyes as he flew with the seed to a neighboring lattice. There he began looking sharply in its crevices, as though he wanted a relish of spiders' eggs to eat with his seed; but he soon came back with an empty bill. Chipping out another kernel, he went off this time to an old grape-vine, where I saw him carefully tuck his little morsel under the bark. To make sure, having noted the spot, I took my hat, and went out to the vine. Here I soon found it, sure enough, just where I saw smart little black-cap put it, hidden under a piece of loose bark. But whether for himself, should the snow

come and cover the seed on the ground, or whether for any hungry bird that might chance to find them, was he thus laying by in store, I cannot tell.

THE LITTLE GIRL WHO HAD A FIT.

A DREADFUL thing happened to Nellie one day. She had a fit, — one of the very worst kind; one that works inside, and makes a child ugly and unlovable, — a fit of selfishness.

I'll tell you how it was. Papa had put up a lovely swing, with four ropes and a nice wide board, so that it would be very safe. Nellie had swung all the morning; and in the afternoon little Katy Carter, her best friend, came over to see her, with her brother Willy.

Of course they all rushed out to see the new swing, and the two visitors wanted to try it; but just at that moment the fit came on inside of Nellie, and she cried, —

"No! it's my own swing, and I want to swing myself."

"You've swung ever so much," suggested Katy.

"P'raps I have, Miss Katy Carter; but my papa put it up for my own self, and I haven't had anybody to swing me since he went to the office. I want Willy to push me first. I want to see how high I can go."

Nellie's lips stuck out, and an ugly wrinkle came in her smooth forehead. She looked more like a naughty goblin than a nice little girl. What a dreadful fit, to twist her sweet face so out of shape! What horrible work it must have made in her heart, to show so clearly in her face!

Dear, dear! Suppose she should never be cured, and that ugly scowl should grow into her forehead, so that she could never get it out; and her lips should grow into a pout, and never look sweet and lovable again! Some people do spoil their faces in that very way; and when you see a grown-up with ugly, cross face, you may always know it is because there's a fit working inside. It may be selfishness, or it may be avarice, or it may be some other ugly passion; but, whatever it is, it always works through to the outside, and shows in the face.

Nellie's fit did not last so long as that, though it did make her so disagreeable that day. Willy was a little gentleman; so he said he would swing her: and Katy was a little lady, who never had a horrid fit in her round little dumpling of a body; so she sat quietly down in the grass, to wait her turn: while Nellie swung back and forth as high as Willy could push her, caring only to have a good time herself, whether any one else did or not.

Katy was a sweet little thing; and she soon made herself happy with some daisies she found in the grass,

and even offered Nellie the prettiest one to stick in her hat beside those the milliner had put there.

But although Nellie had her own way, and every thing was just as she had arranged it, yet somehow she did not enjoy it so much as she expected; and the wrinkle didn't get out of her forehead at all, till something had happened that cured her fit, though it was a rough way of cure, — something like taking a dose of bitter medicine to cure a pain in the body.

I don't know exactly how it happened; whether she turned too far around to look at Katy, or whether she was dizzy with swinging so long: probably it was another effect of that ugly fit. However it was, she lost her hold of the rope, and fell with a crash against the root of a tree. Her head got a severe blow; and John the coachman came running up, and carried her screaming in to her mother; and she had to have a brown paper wet and laid on the bump, which swelled up as big as a walnut, and lie on mamma's bed all the afternoon with a headache.

That left a good chance for Katy to have a nice swing, didn't it? She and Willy could stay as long as they pleased, and swing as much as they wanted to, while Nellie was suffering in the house. Do you suppose that is what sweet little Katy did?

No, indeed! She never even tried the swing. She brought her basket of daisies into the house, and sat down on the foot of the bed, and made a chain for

Nellie; and she wet the brown paper when it dried; and she even ran home, and brought her own precious wax dolly out of the drawer where it lived, — because it was too nice to play with, you know, — and let Nellie hold it in her arms, and feed it with tiny glass beads between its four cunning little teeth; for, strange to say, that was all the food the beautiful waxen creature cared to take, or even could get between her small white teeth. I shouldn't suppose that was a very nourishing diet: but Miss Clementine Eugenie Antoinette seemed to flourish on it; for redder cheeks or brighter eyes I'm sure were never seen, at least out of a doll-factory.

Katy never went near the swing till it began to grow dark, and Nellie's mamma told her to go and swing a while before she went home; and then she left the wonderful French visitor who lived on glass beads to amuse Nellie while she was gone.

Now, mamma had been sitting at the window, behind the blinds, all the afternoon, though the children did not know it; and she had noticed the fit that was spoiling her dear little girl. So now, when Nellie was quiet and cool, and had time to think, mamma just said quietly, —

"I am glad Katy isn't a selfish girl, because she wouldn't have left her precious doll to amuse you if she were."

That was all she said; and she went on with her

sewing, and never looked towards the bed as though she meant anybody in particular. But Nellie had nothing else to think of then; and she had been so well taught, that she knew well enough she had been very selfish. So she thought of her mother's words, and her own conduct about the swing, and Katy's generosity in going home to get her greatest treasure to entertain her after her meanness.

And big round tears came into her eyes, and rolled down on to the pillow: and it's very queer, but those salt drops finished the cure that the bump had begun; and poor Nellie saw what a dreadful fit she had had, and became so ashamed of herself, that she laid the doll carefully off on the other pillow, so that she should be sure not to hurt it; and, when Katy came in to say good-by, all the wrinkles and pouts and aches and tears were gone.

The next day, when Katy came again, Nellie made her swing more than half the time, and felt ever so much better for it; for when people are selfish, though they may keep every thing themselves, they never enjoy themselves much.

I never heard of Nellie's having another fit.

ON THE KEEL.

AY, Harry, how would you like a row to Strawberry Island?"

"First rate!—Just the day! The strawberries must be ripe, too."

"Of course they are. Guess I haven't forgotten the feast we had last year."

"Ida was with us then. Perhaps she'll want to go to-day, Will."

"So much the better. Ida never bothers us like other girls. Come, we'll get a lunch and start right away."

Entering the house they found their sister suffering with the teeth-ache. "I'd like to go ever so much," she said, "but this old tooth has commenced a regular grumble, I know; so I won't spoil your fun by going."

"It's too bad," said Will, "Can't you make the old fellow grumble irregularly, and hush up just long enough to go to our strawberry feast, Ida?"

"Wish I could, but—O dear me!—What a twinge that was! It's no use, boys. You'd better go without me this time. Bring me lots of strawberries and I shan't care so much."

As the boys were leaving, the tooth did ease off long enough for her to say, "O Harry, here's Tige! Let him go in my place. He'll enjoy it almost as well as I should; wouldn't you, Tige?"

The dog pricked up his ears and wagged his tail affirmatively.

"Is't best, Will?" asked Harry.

Will laughed to see Tige look from one to the other so intelligently. "He's asking as plainly as Ida did. Yes, Tige! Come along!"

The way the great, handsome creature bounded on before, then raced back again, then on before, was laughable to one who had never seen a dog express thanks before.

"I should think you's crazy, Tige," said Harry, at last. "Why not walk along like a sensible dog?"

At this Tige whirled round several times, then seized a stick and jumped into the water to show his sense.

"Keep your rain-drops to yourself!" exclaimed Will, as Tige scrambled into the boat and shook himself vigorously.

After rowing about half an hour they came to a lovely little island, situated nearly in the centre of the lake. It's most attractive feature — to boys — was the abundance of large, finely flavored strawberries. Not as large as cultivated berries, of course, but large for wild ones.

The boys found them just right to pick. After a delicious feast, their baskets were speedily filled, and they, ready for the home trip.

"I saw some pond-lilies somewhere on the way over," said Will, "let's get some for Ida."

"So I say. She'll like them grandly."

They were nearly half way home when they found the lilies. A dozen or more of the beautiful flowers lay in the bottom of the boat, when Harry spied one still more perfect, he thought.

"There's a beauty!" he cried. "I'll have just one more."

Thinking it was within reach without moving the boat, he stretched out his arm to grasp it. Will, just at this moment, thoughtlessly stepped to that side of boat to see what Harry was reaching after, and the boat was upset. Neither of them could swim and the water was deep. They sank and rose again dripping and terrified. The boat was so wet and slippery that they could not keep a firm hold.

They knew not what to do. But Tige did. He seemed to have more presence of mind than either. He watched their vain attempts to climb upon the bottom of the boat with deep anxiety. They were almost ready to give up in despair, when Tige, with an encouraging bark, leaped out of the water and planted his feet firmly upon the upturned keel.

Harry and Will were not slow to avail themselves

of his help. By clinging to his strong, shaggy legs, they managed to raise themselves and get astride the boat. But their oars were gone, and what could be done now?

They seemed to remain perfectly motionless; but to their great joy they soon perceived that the boat was slowly drifting towards the shore. The moment it reached shallow water, they jumped off and righted the boat.

"Too bad about Ida's strawberries; ain't it?" said Will.

"Yes, I thought of them when the boat went over. Two of the lilies got twisted round my arm. They are safe here; but the berries may keep floating as long as they please, for all me. Awful waste of strawberry juice, though; ain't it?" said Harry, with a thoughtful look back over the water.

"That's a fact!" replied Will. "And there's another fact about it, Harry,—but for Tige we might not be standing on the land here."

"That's so! And we'd better not stand long now."

Empty-handed, with the exception of two lovely lilies, they entered the house after a run home. Mother and sister looked at them in astonishment.

"Where in the world, boys, have you been?" cried Ida.

"After lilies." Will smiled faintly as he laid the flowers in her hand.

"But you are wet through!" She passed her hand quickly over his sleeve, then on to Harry's. "Why, mother, do look! They are both just as wet as they can be!"

"Of course we are, when we've been in the water all over," Harry answered. "And I'll tell you what, Ida, that was a lucky thought of yours about taking Tige with us. If he had stayed at home we might not be here now to tell our story."

"I'm thankful Ida wasn't with you," said their mother, when the story was told. "You see, children, just how trifles often affect our whole lives. But for Ida's toothache, she would have gone in Tige's place, and I *might* now be childless. Never forget that there is an over-ruling Hand in all the events of our lives."

LITTLE HAY-MAKER.

JENNIE Lambert lives on a large farm. Her father has acres and acres of land covered with grass. And in summer, during haying-time, you may be sure there is rare fun for the children.

Jennie has a "house-full" of brothers and sisters, she says; so there are many willing hands and feet beside those of the hired men. There's big Phil, as Jennie calls him, because he's a little taller than his father; next comes Newton, so small in contrast, that the nick-name dwarf clings to him. Ralph is the little boy, because he happens to be younger than herself; yet he is her favorite companion, for sister Marion likes playing with baby Lulu better than making hay.

One morning her father said he should want all hands to turn out, as he had a large quantity of hay down, and he was afraid it would rain before night. As early as possible the work was finished in the house, and all but her mother started for the field.

Baby Lulu, evidently, did not intend to help much, for she took a doll in each chubby hand — probably that they might enjoy the sport.

Jennie cared little for books, so she called Marion lazy when she saw her with one under her arm.

"Well, somebody will have to see to Lulu, and you can't keep still long enough. I might just as well read a little if I'm sitting down," was Marion's answer.

Jennie and Ralph thought they helped wonderfully; but they spent so much time pelting each other with the fragrant hay, that Dinah threatened to send them into the house.

"It's as bad as 'tis trying to drive flies out — flirt round in one corner and away they whisk into another. Here I've raked and raked, and I don't get ahead a bit, for you two young ones toss the hay about so. Off with you now!"

At this, Jennie and Ralph seized an armful of hay and ran to another part of the field.

There was one thing which Marion enjoyed as well as Jennie — riding to the barn on top of a load. Being in a hurry, their father gave them no chance when the first loads went in. But later in the day it looked less like rain, so he told them to be ready.

Marion left Lulu with Dinah, then she took her place on the smaller load with Phil. Jennie and Ralph liked the larger load because there were two horses with that.

Phil started first with his load. One of the men was going with the span, as Mr. Lambert had a lame ankle and didn't care to be on top of a load. Just as the span reached the road, in some unaccountable way they took fright, and, instead of turning into the yard, started on a run up the road.

Mr. Lambert shouted to the children to jump from the load at once. Only Ralph understood. He crept to the back of the load, and, slipping partly off, jumped to the ground and escaped uninjured. Poor Jennie was not so fortunate. In turning a sharp corner the load was overturned, and she was thrown violently to the ground. She was taken up insensible.

On examination they found one leg broken. This was a great trial to the active child; much more so than it would have been to her sister. But Jennie learned to prize thoughtful Marion much more than she ever had before.

Marion never tired of amusing Jennie in any way she liked. Sometimes it was reading one of her favorite books—often working out some puzzle—then making a wonderful costume for their dolls.

What amused Jennie more than anything else, however, was making an illustrated scrap-book; for she liked to examine the pictures if it was too much trouble to read about them.

When Jennie was able to walk on the ground again, the hay was all in the barns. But she was

obliged to use a crutch instead of a rake, so she could not have helped or hindered any more that season.

But the little hay-maker was all ready the next summer to tumble in the hay again, or ride with Phil — she always chose Phil after her fall — on the top of the load to the barn.

LAURIE LORING.

GRANDMA'S STORY.

"BRING your chairs close to me, children, then I sha'n't have to speak so loud," said grandma, kindly, when the little ones begged for a story.

Nannie and Carl obeyed so strictly, that it would have been rather difficult for grandma to move without tearing her dress.

But the dear old lady didn't mind. She loved to have the children near. Little Ella knew this very well, so she nestled in grandma's lap.

When all were ready, grandma said, "I will tell

you a true story about something I saw when I came west, years ago. I was born and brought up in New England. Your mother was just four years old when we decided to come here.

"Travelling was slower work then, than it is now. We came across the prairies in great emigrant wagons."

"What kind of wagons are those, grandma?" asked Carl.

"O great, white ones — something like a butcher's wagon. Whole families would live in one for weeks. And —"

"Sleep there, too?" interrupted little Ella.

"Yes, dear. It was better than sleeping on the ground. We used to stop for the night where the cattle and horses could get plenty to eat and drink. One very warm day when all felt tired of riding over what seemed like endless plains, and the children were getting decidedly cross, we came upon the funniest little village you ever saw."

"A village, grandma!" repeated Nannie. "I thought there wasn't many houses on the prairies then."

"Well, there were no houses in that village," replied grandma, smiling. "That is no houses large enough for you to live in."

"Big enough for me?" Carl asked.

"No, not for you."

"For *me*, grandma?"

"No, not for you, Ella. It was a prairie-dog village. And the houses were only low mounds of earth. The dogs burrow in the ground like rabbits. Near the top of each mound was the entrance — a hole not much larger than would have been used by a rat."

"Didn't mamma want one to keep?" asked Nannie.

"Yes all the children wanted one; but the prairie-dog is very shy, rarely getting within range of a gun. Some of the boys tried a long time to catch them.

Then one of the men said he would have one anyway, for he would shoot it. He tried several times without success, then gave it up. I was glad, for it seemed cruel to kill the pretty creatures."

"How did you know they were pretty if you couldn't go near them?" Nannie asked.

"One of our company had a good spy-glass. We looked through that and saw them quite distinctly."

"How big are they, grandma?" inquired Carl.

"About the size of a common gray squirrel. They are of a reddish brown color, with breasts of a dirty white. They are graceful like a squirrel, and really resemble squirrels more than dogs. They are like dogs only in their sharp little bark."

"Grandma, who feeds them?" asked Ella, thinking of her own hungry Sancho who liked the good things from the table so much.

"O they feed upon grass, seeds, and roots; but they eat very little. The prairie-dog lives where there is scanty herbage, and yet he never wanders more than half a mile from his dwelling."

"I should think they'd starve in winter, then," said Nannie.

"The little creatures lie torpid in winter, in curious nests made of grass, and roots, with only a small hole as large as your finger to admit the air. They are seldom seen outside of their burrows in the cold season."

"Should think the little things would have a jolly time in a village all their own," said social Carl.

"The prairie dogs are not the only occupants of their village. Small white owls, and rattlesnakes share the privileges with them. Sometimes, when suddenly escaping from danger, all three enter the same mound. But the owls live in separate dwellings —usually the ruined ones,—But, dear me, children, it's past your bed-time. Scamper off now. You've heard enough about prairie dogs."

LAURIE LORING.

DESTROYING THE CARGO.

I INTEND this story only for the girls and boys who study history.

Some six years before the declaration of Independence—you all know something about Independence day, if not the Declaration of Independence—the merchants of America resolved not to import anything from Great Britain.

The effect began to be felt across the Atlantic. An appeal was made to Parliament by London merchants; and the offensive duty was removed from every article except tea.

But the Americans thought the British had no right to tax them at all, and were by no means satis-

fied with this partial concession. They gave up the use of tea altogether.

No orders being received from America, tea rapidly accumulated in England. The duty before laid on its exportation was removed, for the purpose of lowering the price, and thus inducing the colonists to purchase it in spite of the import tax.

Cargoes were sent out to different American ports. At New York and Philadelphia they would not allow the ships to land their cargoes, and they were sent back as they came. At Charleston, the tea was stored in damp cellars, where it was spoiled.

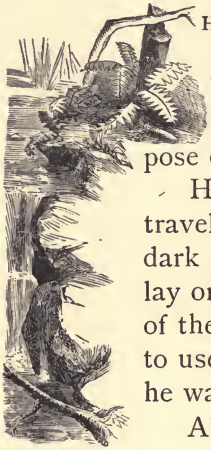
At Boston the authorities determined to force the tea upon the people, so the people settled the question for themselves.

Seven thousand men assembled in town-meeting, on the sixteenth of December, 1773. Fearless speeches were made. The result was, an hour after dark, a war-whoop was raised, and about fifty persons disguised as Indians proceeded to the wharf where the tea-ships were moored.

The vessels were boarded, and the contents of three hundred and forty chests of tea were emptied into the water. Everything was done in an orderly manner. No resistance was offered, although many people had collected on the wharf.

LAURIE LORING.

WHICH?



THIS is the question, boys — did Captain Boynton swim, or sail, or paddle, when he left the steamship Queen, and plunged into the waves for the purpose of testing his life-preserving dress?

He was in the water seven hours, and travelled about thirty miles. It was a wild, dark night, and for hours Captain Boynton lay on his back, tossed about at the mercy of the winds and waves. He was unable to use his paddle, but, thanks to his dress, he was dry and warm.

About one o'clock the wind changed, blowing on to the land. With such a sea his danger was greater than before, and he narrowly escaped death. More by luck than anything else, however, he got ashore safely.

Afterwards he undertook to float across the English Channel, a distance of over fifty miles, in one day. Several reasons prevented his accomplishing this; but he reached a point within eight miles of his destination, and emerged from the water with dry clothes, after remaining in it fifteen hours.

Now I will tell you about the dress which enables Captain Boynton to do such remarkable things.

It is simply a dress of India rubber, made in five distinct, air-tight compartments. Each of these is inflated by means of a tube which reaches the wearer's mouth, when the dress is on.

The dress is made in two pieces, the lower part being like a loose pair of trowsers, ending in a pair of waterproof socks. The upper part is similar to a jacket, with a head piece attached.

To allow of the face being uncovered, and yet to be quite water-tight, an elastic padding fits around the face, which presses closely enough to keep out the water. The whole dress is quite impervious to water or even damp.

What will men invent next?

A Sparrow in Mid-Atlantic

As I was once crossing the Atlantic in one of the large steamers that sail between America and England, I was one day quietly reading a book under the shelter of the deck-house, when my attention was caught by a little bird hopping about on the canvas covering of one of the boats. I was quite struck at his appearance at such a time and place,—for we were just then in mid-Atlantic, fifteen hundred miles from land,—and my thoughts at once went wondering how this little sparrow could have reached us there.

At first, I thought he must have escaped from some one's keeping in the ship. Then I wondered if he had started with us; for how could the little fellow have kept upon the wing for so many, many miles? I moved a little; but he did not fly away: and then I went below and got crumbs of bread and biscuit, and spread them on his canvas table; and, as he hopped from crumb to crumb, he chirped his thanks for the refreshing morsels.

While I watched him, thinking that perchance he would rest his tired wings and stay with us all the voyage through, he flew off to the shrouds and rigging; then to the boats on the opposite side of the deck;

and, as if trying his little wings for flight, flew once right round the vessel as she careered along like a thing of life; and at last, with one farewell chirrup, he lifted himself into the air, and went straight away to the southward, — his tiny form soon lost to sight in the evening light.

And while I sat and thought, as the vessel pitched and tossed in the dark-green waves, I was led to muse on that wondrous love which marks even the lone sparrow's way, and guides the little wanderer to food and rest in its long flight of three thousand miles; for not even a sparrow can fall without the permission of our Father in heaven.

A Little Boy's Wonder-Song.

I WONDER, oh! I wonder what makes ve sun go wound;
I wonder what can make ve fowers tum poppin' from ve gwound;
I wonder if my dear mamma loves Billy mor'n me;
I wonder if I'd beat a bear a-climbin' up a twee;
I wonder how ve angels 'member eveybody's pwayers;
I wonder if I didn't leave my sandwich on ve stairs;
I wonder what my teacher meant about "a twuthful heart;"
I guess 'tis finkin' untul Jack will surely bring my cart;

I wonder what I'd do if I should hear a lion woar;
I bet I'd knock 'im on ve head, and lay 'im on ve floor!
I wonder if our Farver knew how awful I did feel
When Tom's pie was in my pottet, and I wead, "You shalt not steal;"
I wonder if, when boys get big, it's dreadful in ve dark;
I wonder when my papa means to have anover lark;
I wonder what vat birdie says who hollers so and sings;
I wonder, oh! I wonder lots and lots of over fings!

DIRTY JACK.

THERE was one little Jack,
Not very long back;
And 'tis said, to his lasting disgrace,
That he never was seen
With his hands at all clean,
Nor yet ever clean was his face.

His friends were much hurt
To see so much dirt,
And often and well did they scour;

But all was in vain:
He was dirty again
Before they had done it an hour.

When to wash he was sent,
He reluctantly went
With water to splash himself o'er;
But he left the black streaks
Running down both his cheeks,
And made them look worse than before.

The idle and bad
May, like to this lad,
Be dirty and black, to be sure;
But good boys are seen
To be decent and clean,
Although they are ever so poor.

"He put a little Sugar in."

"Charley, what is it that makes you so sweet?" said a loving mother one day to her little boy as she pressed him to her bosom.

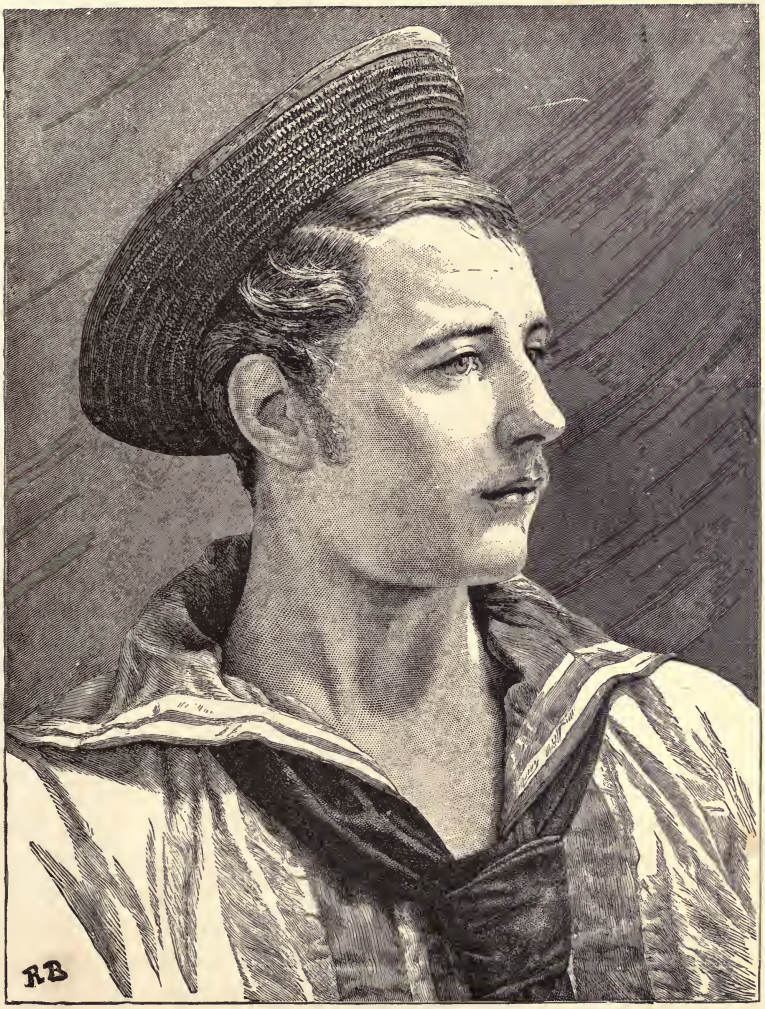
"I dess, when Dod made me out of dust, he put a little thugar in," said Charley.

God has put a little sugar in the disposition of all children. Some keep it there; and they are always sweet, and we cannot help loving them. Some lose the sugar that God gave them, and then they become sour and disagreeable. Keep yourselves always sweet, dear children, with the sugar of love, and you will always be loved.

The Sailor-Boy.

So you want to be a sailor, do you, my lad? You think it would be fine to wear the sailor dress, and come home from foreign countries to astonish stay-at-home people. You've read exciting stories of poor boys sailing away across the sea, and coming home with gold and treasures, and having wonderful stories of strange lands to tell.

Well, it does sound pleasant, I must say: and I


R.B

ought to know; for I was just as wild to go to sea when I was of your age as you are now. But let me tell you a little about my life. I'll spin you a sailor's yarn that shall be every word true; which is not the case with all sailors' yarns, I'm sorry to say.

I don't remember when I began to think about going to sea. I think it must have been when I was a baby: at any rate, when I was ten years old I had but one wish in the world, — to be a sailor.

My poor mother! — how she used to beg me to go to school, to try and be contented on shore! and how she would deny herself needed comforts to make me happy, and give me every chance in life! It was all in vain: nothing but a sailor's life had the least pleasure for me. Instead of going to school, I would lie on the ground in the orchard, or off on the seashore, and read some exciting tale of the sea, till I was fairly wild about it. Go to sea I must.

My mother would tell me, with tears in her eyes, how hard was a sailor's life; and, when that failed, she talked to me of her loneliness when I should be gone; for I was all she had in the world.

"Ah, Willy!" she would say, "how many nights I shall lie awake, listening to the winds and the sea, and thinking about my boy!"

Little did I care for her words then; but, since the day I came home and found her mound in the churchyard, never do I hear the wind whistling through the

rigging without remembering her words and the sad look of her dear face.

Well, nothing would keep me; and I took to haunting the docks of the nearest town, where many ships came, trying to make friends with some of the sailors, and get a chance to go. After trying this for a year, and not succeeding in my wish, a real chance came in my way. I was one day, as usual, hanging around a ship, looking at every part of it. The men were busy loading it for sea, and paid no attention to me; and, while prying around I came upon a snug little corner behind some boxes.

At once the idea came into my mind, "Here is a good place to hide till the ship sails, and then they can't send me back." The temptation was too strong. I tried to think a minute. I knew the ship would sail that night. I could think of no more. I slipped into the little hiding-place, with no thought of my mother's grief; no dread of the fate I might bring on myself; no idea but that now I should surely sail, that my life of adventure would now begin.

Ah, boy! — it's hard to think of the hopeful, happy boy I was when I stole on board that ship, and the changes that came over me before I put foot on shore again.

But I must cut my story short. The first thing I got when I came out of my corner the next day, and tremblingly told my story to the rough, brutal captain,

was what he called "making a sailor of me." That was a more severe thrashing with a rope's end than I ever imagined a boy could have and live. Bruised and sore, and hungry and sick, I crawled into the darkest hole I could find in the ship; and I think I would have staid there and starved, if I had not been ordered out by my hard master.

If we had been near shore, I should never have been a sailor; for that one whipping took out of me any wish for life on the sea. I would have given half my life to have gone to school that morning, and take up life on shore again. But it was not to be. I could not go back. I had chosen my lot, and could do nothing but bear whatever was put upon me, and try to endure, for a long voyage of many months, the life I had wished for so long.

I shall not tell you all the hard times I had. It is enough that the captain was a cruel, hard man, who took delight in tormenting me because I had forced myself on his ship, though he was brutal to all the sailors. By hard knocks, in deadly sea-sickness, and worse home-sickness, I learned to be a sailor; though I meant when I came home again to go to my mother, get work on shore, and live to be a help and comfort if I could. With this hope I lived through my long voyage; and, when the ship reached her dock, I was one of the first to get on shore, and hurry to my mother's cottage.

Well, well! it's many years ago: but yet I can't tell you how I felt when I found the dear old roof sheltering strangers; when I learned that my mother had gone broken-hearted to her rest a few months after I ran away, though she left me her love and forgiveness.

I threw myself on her grave, and felt that I was now, by my own act, alone in the world. The last anchor was gone, and nothing was left for me but to drift wherever the winds and waves drove me. Life on shore, with my mother gone, seemed intolerable to me then. Besides, the neighbors, who knew my story, looked coldly on me; and I knew no way of earning sixpence. So I took the only way open to me, and shipped on another vessel.

That's long ago, as I said; and I shall never be any thing but a sailor, and shall find my grave under the green waves some day: but never for an hour have I ceased to repent of that one act which made me a sailor, and broke my mother's heart.

GOING TO SCHOOL.

"I WISH," said little Susy, "I just wish,
Whoever made up spelling, had to learn it
I wish I was a sparrow or a fish;
Then they might take my spelling-book,
and burn it.

"The meadows and the trees are just as
green!
The little birds do look so sweet and
cheery!
I wish I might be treated like a queen,
And not have any lesson-books come near
me.

"Why, queens have just the elegantest fun!
Nobody ever makes them sew or study:
They just pick roses all day in the sun;
And ain't afraid, I guess, of anybody.

"Oh, my! I'm just as sure as sure can be
I sha'n't know more than half of that old spelling!
I wish I was a cricket or a bee,
And never had to study, or do felling."

BUILDING A FORT.

DOWN on the seashore three little brothers and their sister were playing. They had dug holes in the sand, they had picked up shells, and had watched the ships and the fishing-boats; and now they wanted something fresh to do.

"Let us build a fort," said Ambrose, the eldest of them: "then I will be king over it, and Nigel shall be an enemy coming to take it from me."

Nigel, who was sitting on the edge of a boat lying upon the beach, waved his cap, and shouted that it would be good fun; and Gyp, a sturdy little girl with large blue eyes, brought a load of sand in her pinafore, whilst Walter patted it down to make it as hard as he could.

"There must be a tower in the middle," said Ambrose, "and a flag on the top of it."

"But we have not got a flag," said Walter.

"I have a long stick," said Ambrose, "and I can tie Gyp's blue handkerchief to it: that will make a splendid flag."

"And if I can carry it off," shouted Nigel, "I shall be king of the fort!"

Then he jumped down from the boat, and ran to help with the building, so that it might be sooner finished.

At last the fort was built; and there was the tower, with the flag upon it, and a wall all round; and outside stood Ambrose and Walter and Gyp, whilst Nigel was trying to dart in between them and seize the flag.

It was a long time before he could manage to do so; but, Walter having turned away his head for a moment to look at a pretty sailing-boat quite near to the shore, Nigel slipped past, and mounted the tower.

"I am king now!" said he, waving the flag.

So Ambrose was the enemy, and Nigel was king; then Walter; and last of all Gyp said she wanted to be king of the fort.

"But girls can't be kings," said Ambrose.

Gyp does not care: she will be king, and have the flag.

And so Gyp was put into the fort; and, instead of leaving the flag on the tower, she held it fast in her hands; and, when Walter was making his way to her, she ran away, so that he could not take it.

Walter stumbled over one of the sand walls, and

fell; but he did not hurt himself, as the sand was soft; and he hastened after Gyp, who had made her way to nurse, who was sitting on the steps of a bathing-house.

And nurse told the children they must stay with her, and watch the tide coming in.

And the great waves came rolling along, and swept away the walls of the fort, and then the tower, until at last there was nothing of it left.

THE KIND NEIGHBOR.

ONCE, a great, great many years ago, in the far-off country of Judæa, a man set out on a journey. Now, you must know, when people took journeys in those old times, they could not go, as you do now, in great puffing steamboats or railroad-cars. They had to travel very slowly on asses or mules; for only kings and great people could even have horses and carriages.

So this man mounted his ass, and set out to travel from the great city of Jerusalem to another city called Jericho. The road between these two cities was in a wild country. There were no houses and beautiful gardens to pass by; but some very bad men used to hide themselves among the rocks by the way, and often jumped out on travellers to steal their money and goods.


W.J.Webb

Our traveller had not gone very far when the wicked thieves came upon him with their sharp knives and cruel hearts. They took all his money, and even stripped off his clothes to divide among themselves. There were no policemen by, and no one to help, if the poor man had cried ever so loud. I dare say he called, as we would do if some one were almost killing us. But, when he tried to keep his money and his clothes, they ran their sharp knives into him until he was half dead. Then they left him lying weak and bleeding on the bare, hard ground.

Now, if you had passed by, — even such a little child as you, — you would have stopped to speak to this poor man; wouldn't you?

Well, after a while a priest came by. He was dressed in long clothes with great wide borders; and he thought, I suppose, that he was a very good man. He *should* have been, because he had to teach other people what was right; but he walked right by the poor traveller. He even kept on the other side of the road, and wouldn't come near him. Perhaps he thought the sight of blood would make him sick, or perhaps he was afraid of soiling his long robes.

A little while after, some one else went by. I dare say his neighbors thought him a real good man.

"Now," thought the sick man, if he could think at all, "here is some one who will help me."

Oh, no! This man, who was called a Levite,

"looked on" the wounded traveller; maybe he felt sorry for him: but he too, like the priest, "passed by on the other side." Perhaps he thought it was no business of his, and no one was there to know if he was kind or not.

But there was one who saw all he did; for God is everywhere.

While the poor man was lying faint and weak, thinking he should die, God made another man pass by, riding on an ass. A dear, kind-hearted man he was, although the sick man looked upon him as an enemy.

He got down straight from his ass, because he felt so sorry even for his enemy who was so badly hurt. He bound up the sick man's wounds, and poured oil and wine into them to make them well. Then he put this man who had never loved him on his own ass, and took him to an inn, and paid the innkeeper for taking care of him. He told the innkeeper too, that, if he spent any more, the next time he came he would pay it to him again.

Now, don't you think the sick man was sorry that he had ever hated such a kind friend? and don't you think the truest way to conquer those who hate us is to "love them," as the Lord has told us to do?

The Fate of Five Little Kittens.

Old Tabby had five dear little babies, and she put them to bed in Grandma Grey's mending-basket.

"Dear, dear!" said grandma, "what a silly old thing! Now it will never be good for any thing again, and we must drown the kittens to-morrow."

But Tabby liked the basket very much, and kind-hearted little Mabel brought her some hay to make her bed feel softer. Tabby sang her babies to sleep with a soft little purring song, and cuddled them all five close to her furry sides. She was very happy until she remembered the time when she had five little babies before, and every single one of them had been carried off. She rather thought they had come to harm; but they shut her in a dark closet, and she couldn't follow to find out.

She twiddled her whiskers, and rubbed her eyes; and then she said to those five little kittens in grandma's basket, "My dear little pets, I'm very much afraid I can't keep you — meow! Something dreadful will happen, I know — meow!"

But the kittens snored away, and never minded her. They were blind, you see, and knew nothing about the great world outside.

All this while, Mabel and Kate were up in the sitting-room, coaxing grandma to save all the kittens alive.

"They won't do a bit of harm," said Mabel, "only maybe eat a little milk."

"And they're so sweet and cunning!" chimed in little Kate.

"You can only have two of them, dearies," said grandma, — "only just two. And it's very good of me to let you have those; for, what with scratched fingers and torn dresses, I could really wish every kitten in the old millpond."

"Oh, dear!" sighed Mabel; and "Oh, dear!" sighed little Kate.

"Now run away and pick out the two you will have," said Grandma Grey; "for the others must be drowned to-night."

How hard it was to choose, and to think that the other three which were not chosen would have to die! The tears stood in little Mabel's eyes, and in old Tabby's too.

"Dear me!" thought Mabel as they trudged off up stairs to tie ribbons around the necks of their own two little kittens, "I don't believe grandma cares what becomes of the other three, so long as we don't keep 'em. I'll just carry 'em down to the barn-yard, and let 'em run. I guess they'll run away."

So she left her own little kitten with Kate, and carried the three others off in her apron.

But who do you think walked behind on her tipsie-toes? Why, old Tabby herself! Don't you suppose she wanted to know what became of her three little babies? When she saw Mabel put them on the ground, and clap her hands and cry "Shoo" at them, Tabby purred for joy.

Then, when Mabel had danced away, Tabby settled this part of her family snugly in the hay-loft, gave them their dinner, and went back to the house for her own.

When grandma looked for the kittens, after the children were in bed, there were only two of them left.

"Well, well!" she said; "that sly old cat has hidden the other three!"

And she said nothing to the children, but looked around in all the market-baskets and feather-beds in the house. No kittens appeared.

"Well, well!" said grandma at last; "let them go."

But about two weeks after, one fine morning, Tabby walked in with a kitten in her mouth, and laid it down at grandma's feet.

"Why, that must be little Kate's!" said grandma. "Has she hurt it, Tabby?"

Grandma picked up the little thing, smoothed it, and laid it down again.

Five minutes after, in walked the little mother with another baby. "Why, there's a black kitten!" cried grandma, starting up from her chair.

"Why, grandma," said Mabel, "I shoo'ed those kittens away ever so long ago."

She told grandma all about it; and the dear old lady couldn't help laughing.

"Now I suppose the things will have to live," she said.

"Oh, please, *please*, grandma!" cried the little girls.

"But," said she, trying to be very cross and cruel, "if I ever find another set of kittens, every one must go to the millpond, remember."

TIDE-MARKS.

IT was low tide when we went to Bristol, and the great gray rocks stood up bare and grim above the water; but high up on all their sides was a black line that seemed hardly dry, though it was far above the water.

"What makes that black mark on the rock?" I asked my friend.

"Oh! that is the tide-mark," she replied. "Every day, when the tide comes in, the water rises until it reaches that line; and in a great many years it has worn the stone until the mark is cut in the rock."

"Oh!" thought I, "that is all, is it? Well, I have seen a great many people that carry tide-marks on their

faces." Right in front of me was a pretty little girl, with delicate features and pleasant blue eyes. But she had some queer little marks on her forehead, and I wondered how they came to be there; until presently her mother said, —

"Draw down the blind now, Carrie: the sun shines right in baby's face."

"I want to look out," said Carrie in a very peevish voice.

But her mother insisted; and Carrie drew the blind, and turned her face away from the window. Oh, dear me! what a face it was! The blue eyes were full of frowns, instead of smiles; the pleasant lips were drawn up in an ugly pout; and the queer marks on her forehead had deepened into actual wrinkles.

"Poor little girl!" I thought. "How badly you will feel, when you grow up, to have your face marked all over with the tide-marks of passion! for these ugly ill tempers leave their marks just as surely as the ocean does; and I have seen many a face stamped so deeply with self-will and covetousness, that it must carry the marks to the grave."

Take care, my little folks; and, whenever you give way to bad temper, remember the tide-marks.

THE BOY WHO TOOK CARE OF HIS GRANDMOTHER

THERE was never a better boy than little Victor. He and his grandmother lived alone in a queer little brown cottage in the edge of the woods; and he was such a comfort and help to the good old grandmother that she never missed any other happiness in life, though she was old and feeble and very poor.

Every day the two strange companions would go into the woods together, and gather a great bundle of fagots which the wind had broken off from the trees; and then the grandmother would take the big bundle on her back, and the two would trudge homeward. Then they would make up a big snapping fire of the nice dry sticks, and cook their humble supper of cakes of coarse meal baked on the hearth before the coals.

Little Victor was happy as the day is long, and never thought his lot was hard. The grandmother was lovingly good to him. The cakes tasted delicious, though coarse. The air was spicy and fresh; and the woods — oh, the woods were full of sweet and delightful things! He enjoyed them a thousand times more than the proud owner, who rode through them now and then with a great party of men and horses and

a pack of yelling dogs, and never stopped to feel the sweet delicious breath of the trees, or the cool shade or the lonely mysterious silence of its depths.

Victor could never remember any one but his grandmother; but she told him long stories, sometimes in the winter evenings, of his father, who had gone far, far away, to a strange new country called America, to make a home for them, and who was coming back some wonderful day to get them both. But months had gone by since she had heard from him; and though she was sure he would come as he said, yet the poor old grandmother would sigh when she told the story.

Victor never thought much about all that. He was more interested in the sparkle of the dry fagots in the fire, the beautiful browning of the cakes on the hearth, and the antics of his dear puss. And then he would coax his grandmother to tell him a fairy-story; and she would get out her knitting, and sit in her low arm-chair by the fire; and Victor would lie full length on the floor and watch the fire, and listen while she told him of the woes and troubles of fairy princesses and odd little goblins, till she forgot about his father who didn't come home, and her rheumatic old bones; and her needles would fly, and her tongue run on, till the fire was burned to ashes, and it was time to creep into bed.

But as winter came on, and the cold winds stole

through the cracks, the poor old grandmother grew very ill. She had to stay in her bed, and little Victor had no one to do any thing for him. That didn't trouble him, though; not a bit of it. He never thought of pouting and crying as *some* children I have heard of would have done. No, indeed! He just went to work to take care of her.

"I'm sure I'm big enough," said he, as he took his fagot-rope and his hat, and started for the woods. "I'll take the bucket too," he thought, as he saw it hanging outside the door. "Maybe some nuts fell down last night; and wouldn't grandmother be surprised if I brought home some to roast for supper!"

Shutting the door carefully after him, he started bravely off for the woods alone. It took him a long time to gather fagots enough to make a bundle as big as his grandmother's; for he was determined to show her that he was almost a man, and could carry very big loads.

After he had a nice big bundle all tied up, he went to the old chestnut-tree, that was hanging full of the prickly burrs. Eagerly he examined the ground. Yes Jack Frost had been there in the night, as he hoped, and had opened the burrs, and thrown down lots of glossy brown nuts.

In a moment Victor forgot that he was tired, and fell to gathering nuts. A long time he worked till he had as many as he could carry; and then he took his

bundle on his back, and his bucket in the other hand and started off for home.

He only stopped once, to pick up a bright feather which some bird had lost in the woods, and put it in his hat, before he reached the edge of the woods, where he could see the cottage. There he sat down on a rock to rest, and enjoy the sweet wild air.

"Dear old grandmother!" he said to himself, "how glad she will be to see such a big pile of sticks, and so many nuts! She'll know then that I can take care of her; and she'll never cry when she is too sick to go out, for fear we shall starve and freeze. No, indeed! I mean to take care of her always, and never let her carry fagots again: she's too old. I shall soon be a big man, and I shall work and get every thing she wants."

The grandmother was pleased, as he thought she would be; but she could not eat any of the nuts, though he roasted them beautifully. Nor could she eat any of the meal-cakes which he mixed and baked so nicely for her. The next day she was worse, and talked queer and wild, and sometimes did not know him; and Victor got quite frightened, she acted so strangely.

But he did not neglect his duty, for all that: he bravely went into the woods, and brought home his bundle of sticks. That night, after he had eaten his supper, she seemed like herself, only very weak; and she talked to him about his father. She told him she

thought she was going to die, and he must go himself to America to find his father. She made him open her chest, and take out some letters; and she told him the name of the place where his father was; and she told him where she had put away a little money for him. She told him whom to go to in the village, and how to do, when she should be in heaven; and her only sorrow seemed to be, to leave her little boy alone in the world.

But that sad thing was not to be. The very next morning, a wonderful thing happened. It seemed just like the fairy-stories she had so many times told him, where the needed person comes in just at the moment when he is wanted. The next morning he was wakened by a noise at the door, and his grandmother telling him to see who was there. When he opened the clumsy latch, who should stand there but a big brown-faced man, with long whiskers, and strange-looking clothes! — and his grandmother gave one look, threw up her arms, and cried faintly, —

"My son! O Victor!"

And the big man sprang in, and caught her in his arms; and for a few moments there was nothing in the house but hugging and kissing and crying and laughing, all mixed up so, that little Victor never could remember much about it.

Only, at last, he found himself hugged very closely in the arms of the stranger, saw the happy look on his

grandmother's face, and knew that he had found his father.

I haven't room to tell you more about his life,— how that, when they had laid the dear old grandmother softly to sleep among the daisies, his father took him a long voyage to America, where he had a nice farm, and where Victor found a new, sweet-faced mother, and a baby sister, to make him happy; nor about his going to school, and growing up to be a good and useful man. But one thing I can tell you: he never forgot those happy days in the dear little cottage in the woods, where he took care of his grandmother.

My Squirrel.

I had a little squirry:
  His step was quick and light,
His tail was long and furry,
  And his eyes were large and bright.

He'd burrow in my drawers,
  Where almonds were, and dates;
He'd pull to rags the flowers;
  He'd jump upon the plates.

A bunch of cowslips yellow
To him was matchless fun;
But, oh the greedy fellow!
He ate them every one.

He built his nest aloft there,
Behind a barricade;
And none can tell how soft there
His little crib he made;

My Little Friend.

LIVE high up in a city house all alone. My room is a cosey little place, though there is nothing very splendid in it, — only my pictures and books, my flowers, and my little friend. When I began to live there, I was very busy and therefore very happy; but by and by, when I had more time to myself, I often felt lonely. When I ate my meals I used to wish for a pleasant companion to eat with me; and when I sat by the fire evenings, I thought how much more social it would be if some one sat opposite.

I was wishing for a cheerful friend one night, when all of a sudden I found one; for, sitting on my hand,

I saw a plump, jolly-looking fly. He sat quietly staring at me, with a mild little hum, as if to say,—

"How are you? You wanted a friend, and here I am. Will you have me?"

Of course I would, for I liked him directly, he was so cheery and confiding, and seemed as glad to see me as I was to see him. I waggled one finger, by way of welcome, fearing to shake my hand, lest he should tumble off and feel hurt at my reception. He seemed to understand me, and buzzed again evidently saying,

"Thank you, ma'am; I should like to stay in your warm room, and amuse you for my board. I won't disturb you, but do my best to be a good little friend."

So the bargain was struck, and he stopped to tea. I found that his manners had been neglected; for he was inclined to walk over the butter, drink out of the cream pot, and put his fingers in the jelly. A few taps with my spoon taught him to behave with more propriety, and he sipped a drop of milk from the waiter with a crumb of sugar, as a well-bred fly should do.

On account of his fine voice, I named him Buzz. He seemed to like his new quarters, and after exploring every corner of the room, he chose his favorite haunts and began to enjoy himself. I always knew where he was, for he kept up a constant song, humming and buzzing, like a little kettle getting ready to boil.

On sunny days, he amused himself by bumping

his head against the window, and watching what went on outside. Up in my hanging basket of ivy he made his bower, and sat there on the moss, basking in the sunshine, as luxuriously as any gentleman in his conservatory. He was interested in the plants, and examined them daily with great care.

The pictures also, seemed to attract his attention, for he spent much time skating over the glasses and studying the designs. Then he'd sit in the middle of a brook, as if bathing his feet. He frequently kissed my mother's portrait, and sat on my father's bald head, as if trying to get out some of the wisdom stored up there, like honey in an ill-thatched bee-hive.

I'm afraid he was a trifle vain, for he sat before the glass a great deal, and I often saw him cleaning his proboscis, and twiddling his feelers, and I know he was "prinking," as we say. The books pleased him, too, and he used to run them over, as if trying to choose which he would read, and never seemed able to decide.

He frequently promenaded on the piazza of a little Swiss chalet, standing on the mantel-piece, and thought it a charming residence for a single gentleman like himself. The closet delighted him extremely, and he buzzed in the most joyful manner when he got among the provisions,—for we kept house together. Such revels as he had in the sugar bowl! such feasts of gingerbread and grapes; such long sips of milk, and

sly peeps into every uncovered box and dish. But his favorite nook was among the ferns in the vase which a Parian dancing girl carried. She stood just over the stove, on one little toe, rattling some castanets, which made no sound, and never getting a step farther for all her prancing. This was a warm and pretty retreat for Buzz, and there he spent much of his time, swinging on the ferns, sleeping snugly in the vase, or warming his feet in the hot air that blew up, like a south wind from the stove.

I don't believe there was a happier fly in Boston than my friend Buzz, and I grew fonder and fonder of him every day. Then he was so interested in all I did, it was delightful to have him round. When I wrote he came and walked about over my paper to see that it was right, peeped into my inkstand, and ran after my pen. He never made silly or sharp criticisms on my stories, but appeared to admire them very much; so I am sure he was a good judge.

Well, little Buzz and I lived together many weeks and never got tired of one another, which is saying a good deal. At Christmas I went home for a week, and left my room to take care of itself. I put the hyacinths into the closet to be warm, and dropped the curtain, so the frost should not nip my ivy; but I forgot Buzz. I really would have taken him with me, or carried him down to a neighbor's room to be taken care of while I was away, but I never thought of him

in the hurry of getting my presents and myself ready. Off I went without even saying "good-bye," and never thought of my little friend, till Freddy, my small nephew, said to me one evening at dusk,—

"Aunt Weedy, tell me a story."

So I began to tell him about Buzz, and all of a sudden I cried out,—

"Mercy on me! I'm afraid he'll die of cold while I'm gone."

It troubled me a good deal, and I wanted to know how the poor little fellow was so much, that I would have gone to see, if I had not been so far away. But it would be rather silly to hurry away twenty miles to look after one fly: so I finished my visit, and then went back to my room, hoping to find Buzz alive and well in spite of the cold.

Alas, no! my little friend was gone. There he lay on his back on the mantel-piece, his legs meekly folded, and his wings stiff and still. My poor little Buzz had sung his last song, danced his last dance, and gone where the good flies go. I was very sorry, and buried him among the ivy roots, where the moss lay green above him, the sun shone warmly on him, and the bitter cold could never come.

L. M. Alcott.

The Children.

THEY are idols of hearts and of households,
They are angels of God in disguise;
His sunlight still sleeps in their tresses,
His glory still gleams in their eyes.

Charles M. Dickenson.

Gathering Wild Flowers.

THE GREEDY BIRD THAT WANTED TO EAT A BOY.

IN the best room of a low-roofed cottage that I know of, away up among the mountain-tops, is a beautiful object that would be the pride of a much larger and grander house. But there's a story connected with it, and no money could buy it from its owner. Many a tempting sum has been offered him for his treasure; but although his house lacks many luxuries, and is a bare place enough, he always refuses, and tells the wondering traveller this story.

He had a son who was but a small boy when he began to notice a pair of great eagles that had their home among the rocks of one of the mountain-tops near his father's house. Many a time did he watch their long and splendid flight, as the father and mother bird would go out in search of food for their hungry family of eaglets.

It was almost the only life that the boy saw about him; and he watched them so much, that he felt quite well acquainted with them. And there grew in him a great longing to see their home and their little ones; and he often lay for hours on a hard rock, looking at them, and laying plans for climbing to their nest, and getting nearer to them.

But a time came when he was a little nearer than he cared to be. It was a warm summer day; and his father and mother had gone down the mountain to the little town at its foot, where they bought the few articles of clothing necessary for the small family of three. The boy lay on the rock as usual, watching the two grand old birds circling around in search of something to carry home to fill the hungry mouths waiting for them; when suddenly the larger of the two began to make circles around him, and seemed to fix his eyes on him.

Whether he mistook him for a new kind of animal which might be good to eat, or whether he resented being so closely watched, I don't know; but while the boy lay watching him, as his circles grew smaller and smaller, he suddenly made a dive, and came directly towards him. Even then the boy never thought of being afraid of him till he came so near as to show his dreadful claws, quite strong enough to carry off a boy, his fierce beak wide open as though to tear him to pieces, and his wild eyes fixed upon him.

Then a sudden fear seized him, and he threw up his arms to frighten the bird off. But the great creature pounced directly upon his breast; and the boy thought that moment was his last. A deadly sickness came over him, and his eyes closed. Just at that moment a shot rang upon the clear air, and the eagle fell instantly dead.

But the boy knew nothing of it: he was in a faint. He saw not the man who ran hastily up to see if he was alive. He knew nothing of being carried in the stranger's arms to his father's house and laid upon the bed. When he did open his eyes, they rested on an unknown face which was bending anxiously over him.

Of course, as he was not hurt, he was soon well; and he and the stranger who had saved his life went out to look at the dead bird. It was a magnificent creature, one of the largest of its kind, and had, no doubt, carried off many a sheep and goat in its day.

When the boy's parents came home, they heard the strange story, — how the strange gentleman, who was a naturalist, — that is, one who spends his life studying the ways of birds and animals, — happened to notice the swoop of the eagle, and, wondering what he was after, had hurried nearer, and, just at the moment he reached the boy, had raised his ready gun, and shot him dead fortunately at the first shot, or he might have done serious injury.

The grateful parents could not do enough for the man; and he finally spent the whole summer at the cottage, hunting birds and finding out their ways, and going off on long excursions among the mountains. The boy always followed him, anxious to do something for him, and eager to learn what the good naturalist loved to teach.

The first thing he learned was to preserve and stuff

the eagle which had so nearly killed him; and it is the stuffed bird, mounted on a tree-branch over the rude mantle of the cottage, that is the treasure I spoke of.

But he taught him many other things also, — how to watch the shy wild creatures, see how they live, and what they do; and how to make his knowledge useful. In the evenings he taught him to read; and when winter came, and there was no more work to do out of doors, and the father brought out his carving-tools, and went to his winter's work of cutting toys out of wood, which he sold in the village for meal, the naturalist persuaded him to let the boy go every day to the village to school.

That was the beginning of a new life for the boy. He grew fond of books, and spent all his days studying. When he was older, he went to the town to live; and now, when he is about thirty years old, he is quite well known in his native country as a naturalist, and a writer of books.

The old father is very proud of his learned son; and that is why he will never part with the old stuffed eagle. He loves to remember the good fortune that the greedy bird, who wanted a boy to eat, brought to the boy he selected.

WASHED ASHORE.

IT was a bright sunshiny day in June; and on the pebbly beach of the South Bay was a merry group of busy children, who had been kept in doors by the equinoctial storms which had raged for a week or more, when their attention was drawn to the farthermost end of the cliff, where were strewed broken spars and masts, which gave sad evidence of the violence of the recent gales that had visited the coast. Their boisterous play was suddenly hushed as they spied among the scattered relics of the wreck a large chest; and curiosity took possession of their little minds as they examined the battered trunk which lay on the shore.

"O Willie! suppose there should be a lot of money and diamonds and pretty things inside of that old box! I wonder where it came from," said Mattie, a lively little lass of ten years.

"Well, Miss Curiosity, and suppose there was: it wouldn't be none of our business. It don't belong to us, anyhow," answered Willie Norman.

"Yes, Willie; but you know it would be no harm if we did just peep through the hole and see. I should so like to know what there is inside!"

"Just like all you girls. You're never satisfied

unless you know every thing that's going on. I should be ashamed of myself to be so inquisitive,— I should."

"Oh, I dare say, Willie! Of course you don't care to know any thing about it. Why, you're almost dying

to find it out, I'm sure. I shouldn't wonder if it were you that cut the cord."

"No, Miss Pert: I wouldn't be so mean. I wonder if it didn't belong to some poor sailor who had got

drowned; and, if we could only find out who it belonged to, we could send it home to their friends, anyhow. I won't touch it myself; but I'll run home and tell father all about it."

"I am sorry, Willie, that I spoke so cross," replied Mattie. "I didn't mean to. You are a good boy, after all. Let me go along with you, will you?"

So Willie ran home as fast as he could to tell his father; and, when they opened the chest, they found a little midshipman's uniform, and a bundle of letters tied up in a bit of oil-skin, and a photograph of a lady, besides some little curiosities from India, China, and other countries.

Willie's father thought he had seen the person before whose photograph was in the chest, and made inquiries in the neighboring towns. Not long afterwards, he found that it belonged to a sailor-boy who had been wrecked on his first voyage; but that, though the ship and its cargo were all lost, yet the lives of the crew and passengers were saved, and that the boy was now a strong, hearty, and good man, the only support of his widowed mother.

You may be sure they were very much obliged to Willie and his father, who had taken so much trouble to find an owner for the trunk; and every now and then the sailor sent a little present tc Willie, in remembrance of the sea-chest which was "washed ashore."

Bobbit's Boat.

Harry was cross that morning. I don't know what began it. Perhaps he got out of bed the wrong way; or maybe his breakfast did not suit him. However it was, nothing went right with him. His blocks wouldn't build well; his velocipede-wheel came off; Willy couldn't please him; even baby Bess got a rude shove when she reached out her pretty baby hand to take one of his blocks: in fact, every thing was out of sorts.

Mamma was very busy, and wanted to work all day; but, when she saw the trouble among the little folks, she quietly put away her papers, shut up her books, and said, —

"Come, children, we'll go down to the beach a while."

A great shout went up from Willy; baby Bess clapped her hands; and even Harry looked pleased a minute, and smiles at the corners of his mouth threatened to drive away the ugly scowls on his forehead. For these children did not live on the seashore: they had been there but a few days, and it was still new and delightful to them.

Down to the beach they went; and, before long,

mamma was seated on the warm sand, with umbrella over her head, and book in her lap; Bess was running about; and the boys were digging in the sand, making forts and caves and mountains and roads, and bringing water to wet the sand when it became too dry to keep in shape.

They were having a very pleasant time, and the cross wrinkles were almost gone from Harry's face, when, as he was coming up with a pail of water, he saw a boy and girl coming directly towards them. He stopped a minute, and looked at them; and the boy climbed into a small boat which was partly drawn up on the beach, but the little girl walked up to see what they were doing.

"Go 'way, girl!" said Harry crossly: "we don't want anybody to trouble us."

The child said nothing, and stepped back a step or two, but was so interested in the small sand city they were building, that she stopped again, looking eagerly on at the work.

Harry began again, "Go 'way, I say!"

"For shame, Harry!" said Willy: "she don't hurt us. Let her stay if she wants to."

"Well, she's too near," Harry went on. "She's right in the track of the road I'm going to build to my fort."

"She can come my side," said Willy pleasantly. "Come over this side if you want to," he added to her.

She smiled, and came nearer to him.

"See here," he went on: "this is my fort. See the guns? They ain't really guns, you know; only stones. An' this is the cave where the big bear lives; an' the soldiers 'r going out to shoot him,—bang! Wish't I had something for a bear," he broke out. "I can't find a big enough stone, an' the cave keeps tumbling down."

A long time the children played their delightful game, and the little girl looked on equally interested. But the sun was warm, and the water cool and inviting; and suddenly Harry suggested,—

"Let's wade!"

No sooner said than done. Down went the pails and shovels; bears and cannon, forts and caves, were left to fall to pieces; and both boys rushed eagerly down to the water.

"You may take my pail and shovel if you want to," shouted Willy to the little girl as he went; and in less than two minutes the boys were up to their knees in the water, and the little stranger was busily filling the pail with sand. Suddenly she seemed to think of something. She set the pail carefully down, laid the shovel beside it, and saying shortly, "Got something," she started off on a run as fast as her little brown legs would carry her. A little way up the beach was a fisherman's cottage; and into that she dashed, and in a moment was out again, holding in her two hands a wonderful little boat, with masts and streamer all complete, sails all spread ready for a sail.

Where is the boy who doesn't love a boat? Both the boys gave a cry of delight, and started on a run towards her, each eager to be first. Harry was the largest; so he was first: but she held her boat closely hugged in her arms, and ran by him till she came up to Willy; when she quickly put the treasure into his hands, saying, —

"*You* may sail it."

Harry was going to be angry; but he remembered his crossness to her, and was ashamed instead. He turned sulkily, and walked toward the little boat, where the boy sat looking on, and rocking back and forth on the sand.

As for Willy, he was almost too happy to breathe. He held the pretty toy carefully, and hurried down to the water; but his tongue could not long be still, and he began: —

"Where *did* you get it?"

"Daddy made it," said the child, who kept by his side. "Her name's 'The Mary Ann;' see;" and she pointed out the name painted on the stern.

"The Mary Ann of Seabeach," Willy slowly spelled out; for he was not very old, and of course couldn't be expected to read very well.

"Oh," sighed Willy, "I wish my papa would make me one!"

"Is he a fisherman?" asked the girl eagerly.

"No; course not," said Willy. "He's a doctor."

"Then he can't make one," said she. "My daddy's a fisherman, 'n he can make any thing."

But now the vessel was in the water, and Willy was too busy watching it to say any more; and the child went back to her digging.

In a few moments baby Bess ran hastily up to mamma, and buried her shy face on her shoulder, as she always did when a stranger came near. Mamma looked up; and there stood the funny little maiden, with a pail full of clean white sand, and a bright smile on her round brown face.

"Want some nice sand, m'm?" she asked politely.

"Why, what could I want of sand?" asked mamma.

"Scrub your floor," said the smiling damsel.

Mamma laughed. "No, I thank you," she said. "But who are you? What's your name?"

"Name's Bobbit."

"What else?" mamma went on.

"Daddy's dumplin'," said she demurely.

"Where do you live, little Bobbit?"

"Over there;" and she held out her little brown paw towards the cottage. "Is your little girl sick?" she asked.

"No," said mamma; "but she's shy of strangers. But now it is lunch-time, Miss Bobbit: I will be happy to have you stay to lunch."

"Hey?" said Bobbit doubtfully.

"I have some cakes in my basket," said mamma: "will you sit down with us, and eat some?"

Now was Bobbit's turn to be delighted. Little vessels were common enough in her life; but *cakes!*— she did not have them every day. She sat down demurely in the sand, and folded her small hands politely on her lap.

"Boys," said mamma, "don't you want some lunch?"

Then there was a scramble. Harry sprang down from the boat where he had been talking with the boy, or rather had listened while the boy talked about boats and such delightful things, and told how he was going to be a sailor, and go across the ocean.

"Harry," said mamma, "why don't you invite your friend to come? Who is he?"

"Don't know," said Harry.

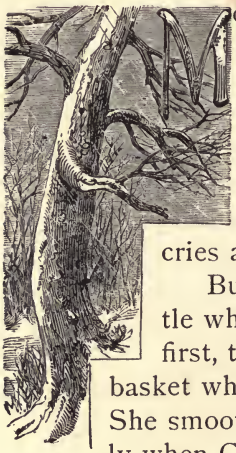
"Please, m'm, he's Tom," said Bobbit.

"Tom," said mamma, "would you like a cake?"

Tom looked as though he would, but he said nothing; only kicked up the sand with his bare toes. Mamma opened the basket, and took out a big doughnut, and a cooky with a hole in it, which she gave to Harry to take to Tom; and then she gave all the hungry little folks doughnuts and cookies till the basket was empty, and their mouths were filled.

"Willy," said Bobbit sweetly, as they turned again to the beach to play, "Harry may take my boat some too."

MOTHER DARLING'S FAMILY.



MOTHER Darling is Clara's pet cat. One very rainy day she came into the house with — what do you suppose in her mouth?

"A mouse!" exclaimed one.

"No."

"Oh! a little mite of a kitty!" cries another, who is certain she is right.

But she is not. It was a cunning little white rabbit. She showed it to Clara first, then carefully deposited it in the old basket where her own babies lay fast asleep. She smoothed its tumbled fur — purred loudly when Clara took kitties and rabbit into her lap — rubbed her head against Clara's foot, then walked out of the house.

"Why, Mother Darling!" cried Clara, in amazement when she returned with the second rabbit, "where have you been in the rain to find another?"

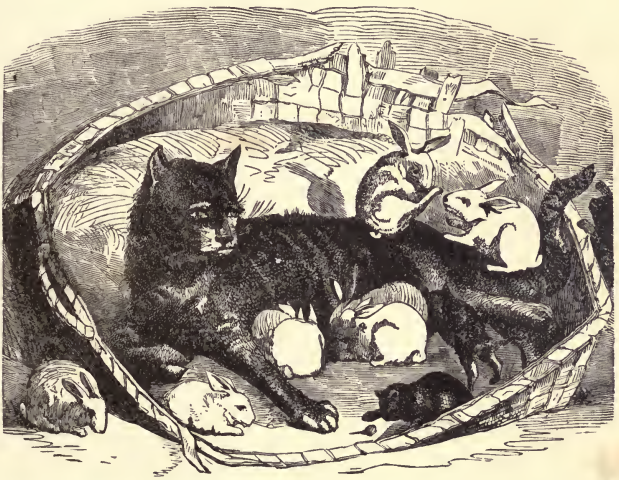
Puss preserved a discreet silence as to where she found her new babies, but she purred her delight when Clara took the second rabbit into her lap. After seeing that this was made welcome, she went to the door again and mewed to be let out.

"Do you suppose, mother, she'll bring in another?"

"I'm sure I don't know. We'll try her and see."

"And I'll watch and find out which way she comes from."

But all Clara's watching did no good. She turned her head a moment, and in that moment, sly Mother Darling came in with the third rabbit.



"Mercy on us!" cried mamma, "we shall have the house full of rabbits if she keeps on!"

"But isn't it funny!" said Clara, laughing merrily, "what do you suppose she'll do with them?"

Mother Darling answered the question herself by cuddling down in the basket and gathering her

babies close. She seemed to give special attention to her adopted children.

"I guess she got them over to Jamie Gilbert's. He keeps rabbits, you know, mamma."

"Well, when Carlos comes home he had better run over and see."

"O mamma, wait till to-morrow, they look so cunning together."

"Perhaps Jamie will want them if they belong to him."

"But don't send over, mamma. Mother Darling will take good care of them."

They decided to make no inquiries that day. Did puss hear and understand? — Before night eight rabbits shared the old basket with the kittens.

Clara was almost wild with delight, but, mamma began to look sober. If Mother Darling had a mania for stealing rabbits, what would the end be?

When Carlos came home he said at once that the rabbits belonged to Jamie. "But the old ones are dead — got killed somehow — and he'll be glad to have Mother Darling adopt them. But what possessed the old lady to tug them over here, I wonder."

"You darling Mother Darling!" exclaimed Clara, warmly, "You didn't want the dear little things to starve to death, did you?" and she hugged cat, kittens, and rabbits, all in a bunch.

The rabbits and kittens flourished together, won

derfully. And soon Mother Darling's family became the chief attraction to the children of the neigborhood.

When the rabbits became old enough — or rather when Clara was willing they should leave their foster-mother, the trouble was not how to find homes for so many; but how to make them *hold out*, so that all the children who wished, could have a pet from Mother Darling's family.

LAURIE LORING.

THE GIRL WHO WAS AFRAID OF A DOG.

LITTLE Jeanie Carter started for school one fine morning in June, with her dinner-pail on one arm, and a big basket of flowers which her mamma had picked for the teacher on the other. As her mother kissed her good-by at the door, she said,

"Good-by, dear. You look just like little Red Riding Hood going to her grandmother's."

Now Jeanie could not yet read, but Bridget, the nurse, had often told her the story of that celebrated little woman, and acted it out as she went along, to make it somewhat more thrilling. So it was not to Jeanie the nice little story it is to you, where the wolf

gets well punished, and Red Riding Hood lives to a respectable old age. To her it was a dreadful tragedy that had surely happened once to a little girl, and might happen again, for when she tremblingly asked Bridget if there were any wolves now, she said,

"Yes, sure; and mind ye're a nice little gal, and lie still, or maybe one'll come growling around the house."

Of course mamma didn't know anything about this, and never thought of frightening the poor child, but having seen her well on her way, went back to her sewing. Jeanie meanwhile crept fearfully along towards school, wondering how it would seem to meet a wolf, and if he would eat her.

When she had nearly reached the school-house, she turned a corner suddenly, and there stood a large, shaggy dog. He seemed to be lost, and looking for somebody, and when he saw a nice little girl, he came towards her, wagging his tail, and saying as pleasantly as he could in his way,

"Good morning, little girl. May I walk along by you? I've lost my master, and I feel lonely."

Unfortunately, Jeanie didn't understand dog-talk, and this creature looked like the picture of a wolf that hung in the nursery.

She started back in terror, squeezing herself against the stone wall, and trying to get past him. But part of her lunch that day was a doughnut, still warm from the pan, and it must be that the dog smelled it, for he

came close to her, and snuffed at her pail as though he would like to eat it.

Poor Jeanie crowded herself against the wall, and dared not move, and the dog ran out his red tongue and licked his chops as though the smell of the fragrant cake was good enough to eat.

I don't know how long she would have stood there, with the pleasant dog trying to make her acquaintance, but one of the big girls came along and made him understand that he was not wanted, and Jeanie took hold of her hand and went to school.

The story got out among the scholars, and didn't the boys and girls laugh at her for being afraid of Mr. Taintor's Carlo, and fancying he wanted to eat her!

When mamma found it out, she talked to Bridget, and forbade her telling stories to the children.

Jeanie was called Red Riding Hood till she grew up to be a woman; and she often said she was never in her life so terrified as when she stood against that wall, expecting to be eaten by a wolf.

OLIVE THORNE.

CAMELS.

DON'T you think that is a queer-looking horse, children, with a great hump on his back, and such a strange, crooked neck? You don't think it is a horse, perhaps; but at least it does a horse's work, and even more work than a horse can do. In those very hot countries where camels live, people don't use many horses: they let this queer creature serve instead. You have no idea how much baggage he can carry at a time on that great humpy back of his. He doesn't like to do it, though. In fact, he is not good-natured at all, but very cross and quarrelsome. He doesn't learn to love his master as our horse does. Even if people are very kind to him, he doesn't love them back. Isn't that an ugly temper to show? He gets a great many beatings for it too.

In those hot countries there are great deserts covered with sand, where for miles and miles there are no trees or plants, and no water. Sometimes, when people are travelling on these great deserts, the water which they carried with them is almost gone: there is none to spare for the poor old camel. Then what do you think he does? Why, he, too, carries his own supply of water. God has put something inside of

him to hold water, so that he need not go thirsty. Then, if there is no food for him, do you think he starves? Not he, so long as the great lump of fat lasts which God has put inside of him. You see, he has food and drink in his own private dinner-basket.

In those great deserts there are sometimes terrible storms of wind, which blow the sand about so that people have to lie down and cover their faces. But God has given the camel little doors to go before his eyes, and keep the dust quite out of them. Don't you think the camel ought to be better-natured when God has been so good to him? But, then, God has given to us a great deal more than he has to the camel; and we are not always grateful.

If you look in your Bible, you can read about a man who had three thousand of these animals. Who was it?

KEEPING ROBBIE STILL.

LITTLE ROBBIE was sent into the country to his aunt once, when his dear mamma was ill. Everybody was careful to see his clothes, his stout boots, and his warm stockings, put into the big bag his papa was to take for him. But no one thought of Dick his headless rocking-horse, of his drummer-boy, or his fife and

trumpet; and they were far more to Robbie than all his clothes were.

This aunt's house was very neat: you could not find a speck of dirt in it, nor a bit of paper nor a chicken's feather on the lawn. No flowers were allowed there, except those which aunt Phebe put up, stiff and straight, in her parlor vases. The dear little boy hunted around for a big stick to ride in place of Dick, and, having found one, galloped joyfully into the room.

"O Rob!" she cried out, "carry that old stick into the shed, and do keep still."

"That isn't an old stick," said Rob in surprise. "That's a hoss, auntie."

"I don't wonder your mother's sick," said auntie, "if you are so noisy all the time at home. You must keep still here, or you'll make me crazy."

So the good child put away "Dick," and got the big dinner-bell, and went up stairs and down, and out on the piazza, which he called the deck, calling on the passengers to pay their fares.

"Now, Rob, you will craze me!" said his aunt. "Give me the bell, and sit down on the lowest step of the piazza, and keep still."

So Rob folded his dear little hands on his lap. He fixed his eyes on the stepping-stone before the door, and drew a long sigh. After a little he said, "O auntie dear, I do pity stones so!"

"Pity stones? What for, Robbie?"

"'Cause they have to keep so still all their lives. I'm so glad I ain't a stone!"

"There's no danger of your turning into a stone, Rob: you don't keep still long enough."

"Oh, dear! how stones must ache, keepin' still always! I ache now just in this little speck of time. I'm glad I ain't a fence, nor a tree, nor a rag-baby that can't move till somebody pulls you. O auntie, my head aches, and my hands and feet are cold, and my eyes are crooked, keepin' still such a long time!"

"Your mouth is all right, little boy," said the lady. "That hasn't kept still at all."

Then grandma came in, and asked what was the matter; and Rob said, "I'm all hard, I've been sittin' still such an awful long time."

"One minute," said aunt Phebe.

"O auntie, it's an hour, and I'm all asleep but my head! Can't I get up?—say?"

"Yes," said grandma. "You may come up in my room, and make a train of cars with the chairs."

"Won't you be crazy, grandma?"

"No, my dear: noise does not trouble me much. But it is a good plan for little boys to learn to be still, so that they will not trouble those who are not well. To-morrow morning I wish you would fold your hands and sit still one minute, and again in the afternoon. We will call that your 'lesson in silence.' By and by

you can sit still two, three, and five minutes, to please those who do not like a noise."

"Yes, grandma dear, I will; but I hope mamma will soon be well, I'm so tired of keeping still," said the dear little boy.

WILLY'S NAUGHTY DAY.

"Now be good children," said mamma as she stepped into the carriage. "Auntie and I will be home to lunch; and this afternoon you shall all have a ride, if you are good."

The children shouted their good-bys till the carriage turned out of the yard, and then they went back into the house.

"Now, what would you like to do?" asked matronly little Molly of her two cousins Claude and Lily, who stood together inside of the door rather bashfully; for they had not been in the house long enough to feel much acquainted.

"Let's swing!" shouted Molly's brother Willy. "It's splendid this morning out under the trees."

"Would you like to swing?" Molly asked of the two guests. "I have to work all the morning on the scrap-book I'm making, or I shall not get it done for

you to take home to Maudie; but Willy can show you the swing."

"I'd rather go with you," said cousin Lily modestly: "I want to see you make it."

"So would I," said Claude, who did not much like Willy's rough ways.

"Well," said Molly, "I'd like to have you go.— You can swing, Willy, if you like."

"No, I can't," whined Willy, "unless you come and push me."

"I can't do that," said Molly. "I can hardly get the book done anyway."

"Let the old book go," said Willy fretfully.

"Why, Willy!" said Molly. "Think of poor little Maudie lying all the time on her bed, and how she will like a nice big picture-book."

"I don't care," said Willy, pouting.

Molly said no more, but led the way to her nice little room where the half-finished scrap-book lay open on the table, and cut pictures all around it. She glanced lovingly at her new book,—a beautiful one which auntie had brought her, and which she had hardly found time to look at yet.

"I'll lay this on the table, where I can see it as I work," she said: "that will be next best to reading it."

"It's a real nice story," said Lily. "I told mamma I knew you would like it."

"I know I shall," said Molly. "It looks splendid." And she sat down to her work.

The two cousins looked on a while, selected pictures to suit the pages, and talked about their home, their friends, and their school. They were having a very nice time, when Willy bounced in.

"Say, Moll, you come and swing me," he began rudely.

"Why, Willy!" remonstrated Molly. "What would mother say to see you act so? You know, she said we must be good."

"I don't care," said Willy crossly. "I can't have a bit of fun, 'cause you're so hateful."

Molly blushed for her little brother; and the two cousins felt so ashamed for him, and so sorry for her, that they went and looked out of the window, pretending to be very much interested in something in the street.

"Will you come?" shouted Willy.

"You know I can't," answered Molly.

"Then I'll smash your old bowl, and scatter the paste all over!" said he, seizing her new book and a slate, and holding them up threateningly.

"O Willy!" cried Molly imploringly, "don't touch my new book! You'll hurt it!"

"Course I will," said he teasingly,—"get it all paste, and spoil the scrap-book."

"You know mamma'll punish you, Willy, if you

do any mischief," said poor Molly, anxiously looking after her treasure.

"Well, here goes," said Willy. "Now I'll give you three chances to save it.

"*One to begin:* will you go?"

"Willy, you know I can't," said Molly. "Now do put that down, and be good."

"*Two to show:* will you go?"

"No," said Molly. "I'm awfully ashamed of you. What will cousin Claude think of you?" glancing over to where the cousin still gazed out of the window.

"*Three to make ready,*" went on Willy. "The last call: will you go?"

Molly did not answer. She had no idea that he would dare to do as he threatened, and he did not really mean to: he only meant to scare her, and torment her, till she would give up.

"*Four to go,*" he went on deliberately, raised the book and slate high, and brought them down with a crash on the table, just avoiding the bowl as he intended, but, alas! losing his hold of the slippery book, which fell heavily to the floor.

"Oh, oh! my book!" cried Molly, jumping up, and seizing the beautiful gift. It was nearly a wreck,—one corner bent up, and the binding broken loose from the back.

That was too much for any little girl to endure. Hugging the broken treasure in her arms, Molly

rushed out of the door and to her mother's room, where she threw herself on to the bed, and cried bitterly.

Willy sat silent. He was struck with horror at what he had done; for he only meant to frighten her, and he knew his mother would punish him. Indignation got the better of Claude's diffidence, and he spoke out earnestly, "I think you're the meanest boy I ever saw;" while "Shame on you!" came even from Lily's gentle lips.

Willy couldn't stand that: so he went out of the room, and went down to the swing, and tried to make believe he didn't care.

When mamma and auntie came back, and the children came down to lunch, all were very sober. Molly's eyes were red, and her face swollen; but she did not complain. Willy's whole face was red, and the cousins looked as though they wanted to go home.

After looking sharply at them a few moments, mamma asked Willy what was the matter; and he was obliged to tell the whole story, though he softened it as much as he could. Nothing more was said till after lunch, when, as the carriage drove up to take them all to ride, mamma pronounced his sentence.

"Willy, I'm sorry to punish you while your cousins are here; but I am obliged to do so. For being naughty, and teasing your sister, you lose your ride this afternoon; and, for your careless accident to her

book, you will take money out of your bank, and buy her a new one just like it. The broken one you can keep to remind you of your naughtiness."

To lose the ride was dreadful; but to take so much of his money, carefully saved for months to buy a velocipede with, was a serious grief to Willy, and he never forgot it as long as he lived.

A Queer Fairy.

"Now, Nora dear," said her mother, "I must go to the village to look after poor Mrs. Jones's broken arm. If you will peel the apples for my pies before I come home, you may pour out father's tea the first night after he comes back."

Nora's face shone at once with little glimmering smiles. She had been breaking out into smiles for a whole week past, this dear little girl; and this was the reason.

For four long years "father" had been sailing out on the great wide sea. Through storms and through sunshine his great ship had been going round the world, and only once in a long time a letter or a message would reach Nora and her mother.

But one week ago a letter had come to them, saying that father was on the way; that he might any day

reach home. There was a great jubilee after that. Day by day they watched for him; and every night they said, "Perhaps he will come to-morrow."

So Nora was very much pleased at the thought of pouring out father's tea on the first night of his coming. She sat down on mother's chair by the dresser, and took the great bowl of apples in her lap; but I am very sure she never once thought of the pies

they were to make. First she began thinking of father, and how much she loved him. Then, because the afternoon sun shone so pretty and bright, she fell to thinking of green woods, and flowers, and the fairies in her story-books.

"How I wish one would come now!" said Nora to herself: "she would have on a forlorn red petticoat, I suppose, and lean on a stick, to make me think she was old and poor."

Nora broke into a happy little laugh.

"Then she would ask me for a drink of water, or a crust of bread; and if I said, 'Go away, and don't bother,' or threw an apple-skin at her, she would make toads and all sorts of ugly things come after me."

Click, click, went the gate-latch; and a man came hurrying up the road.

"And if I said, 'Oh, yes, dear dame!'" Nora went on to herself, "and ran to get her a drink, and a slice of bread and butter, she would turn into a beautiful lady, and make me ride in a carriage."

Rap, rap, at the door. Nora cried out, "Come in," almost thinking to see the queer little old woman in a red-flannel petticoat: only she remembered how mother had told her there were no fairies, and God was better than even the best of the beautiful fairy ladies she loved to read about.

A rough-looking man opened the door, and stood with his hat in his hand. "Day, miss," he said.

"There's a man fallen faint just down by the road yonder, — sun-stroke, like enough. Wish you'd come along, and bring some brandy, and let us fetch him up here a bit. It's about as nigh as anywheres."

"Oh, dear!" sighed Nora, "I wish" — She was going to say, "I wish you would take him a little farther on, — to Mrs. Peterson's." "How ever will my apples get done?" she thought to herself; "and father may come to-night, and I can't pour the tea."

Just then a little verse that she had learned once in sabbath school came into her mind: "Be ye, therefore, merciful." She rose then, put down her apples, and went to the cupboard for the brandy. "Mother isn't home," she said: "but I guess you can bring him up; and I will go with you, if you like."

So they went out together in the sweet afternoon sunshine, — Nora and the rough, strange man, — and Nora carried the brandy.

There was a little crowd down at the gate, and some people were carrying a man, — the man who had been sun-struck, Nora supposed.

Some one took the brandy from her, and held it to his lips; and, a moment after, he opened his eyes. Nora thought she had seen those eyes before; and all at once she gave a great cry, and threw her little arms close, close around him.

When mother came home, she found this poor man

lying on her own bed, with the shutters closed and darkened; and Nora sat beside him, with her hand clasped in his, as happy as a little queen, — happier, perhaps.

"O mother, mother! he has come!" she said, crying and laughing together. Mother cried too; and of course there was a great deal to tell and to hear. But by supper-time father was so much better, that he lay on the sofa while Nora poured tea for him, although the apples were still unpeeled. Nora felt as though a good fairy in red petticoats had really come, and turned out a beautiful lady; or rather as though God had sent some kind angel to teach her a lesson.

I HAD A SWEET LITTLE DOLL.

I ONCE had a sweet little doll, dears,—
The prettiest doll in the world:
Her cheeks were so red and so white, dears!
And her hair was so charmingly curled!
But I lost my poor little doll, dears,
As I played in the heath one day:
And I cried for her more than a week, dears;
But I never could find where she lay.

I found my poor little doll, dears,
As I played in the heath one day.
Folks say she is terribly changed, dears;
For her paint is all washed away,

And her arm trodden off by the cows, dears,
And her hair not the least bit curled:
Yet for old sakes's sake she is still, dears,
The prettiest doll in the world.

How the Sweep found he was Black.

Once upon a time there was a little chimney-sweep, and his name was Tom. That is a short name, and you have heard it before: so you will not have much trouble in remembering it. He lived in a great town in the North country, where there were plenty of chimneys to sweep, and plenty of money for Tom to earn and his master to spend. He could not read nor write, and did not care to do either; and he never washed himself, for there was no water up the court where he lived. He had never been taught to say his prayers. He never had heard of God or of Christ, except in words which you never have heard, and which it would have been well if he had never heard. He cried half his time, and laughed the other half. He cried when he had to climb the dark flues, rubbing his poor knees and elbows raw; and when the soot got into his eyes, which it did every day in the week; and when his master beat him, which he did every day in the week; and when he had not enough to eat, which happened every day in the week likewise. And he laughed the other half of the day, when he was tossing halfpennies with the other boys, or playing leap-frog over the

posts, or bowling stones at the horses' legs as they trotted by; which last was excellent fun when there was a wall at hand behind which to hide. As for chimney-sweeping, and being hungry, and being beaten, he took all that for the way of the world, like the rain and snow and thunder, and stood manfully with his back to it till it was over, — as his old donkey did to a hail-storm, — and then shook his ears, and was as jolly as ever.

One day a smart little groom rode into the court where Tom lived. Tom was just hiding behind a wall to throw half a brick at his horse's legs, as is the custom of that country when they welcome strangers; but the groom saw him, and hallooed to him to know where Mr. Grimes the chimney-sweep lived. Now, Mr. Grimes was Tom's own master; and Tom was a good man of business, and always civil to customers: so he put the half-brick down quietly behind the wall, and proceeded to take orders.

Mr. Grimes was to come up the next morning to Sir John Harthover's at the place; for his old chimney-sweep was gone to prison, and the chimneys wanted sweeping.

Now, I dare say you never got up at three o'clock on a midsummer morning. Some people get up then because they want to catch salmon; and some because they want to climb Alps; and a great many more because they must, like Tom.

So he and his master set out. Grimes rode the donkey in front; and Tom and the brushes walked behind, out of the court and up the street, past the closed window-shutters, and the winking weary policemen, and the roofs all shining gray in the gray dawn.

On they went; and Tom looked and looked,—for he had never been so far into the country before,—and longed to get over a gate and pick buttercups, and look for birds' nests in the hedge; but Mr. Grimes was a man of business, and would never hear to that.

And now they had gone three miles and more, and came to Sir John's lodge-gates. But Tom and his master did not go in through the great iron gates as if they had been dukes or bishops, but round the back way,—and a very long way round it was,—and into a little back-door, where the ash-boy let them in, yawning horribly. And then the housekeeper turned them into a grand room all covered up in sheets of brown paper, and bade them begin, in a lofty and tremendous voice. And so after a whimper or two, and a kick from his master, into the grate Tom went, and up the chimney, while a housemaid staid in the room to watch the furniture.

How many chimneys Tom swept, I cannot say; but he swept so many that he got quite tired, and puzzled too, for they were not like the town flues to which he was accustomed. So Tom fairly lost his way in them: not that he cared much for that, though he was in

pitchy darkness, for he was as much at home in a chimney as a mole is under ground; but at last, coming down, as he thought, the right chimney, he came down the wrong one, and found himself standing on the hearth-rug in a room the like of which he had never seen before.

The room was all dressed in white. The carpet was, all over, gay little flowers; and the walls were hung with pictures in gilt frames, which amused Tom very much.

Under the snow-white coverlet, upon the snow-white pillow, lay the most beautiful little girl that Tom had ever seen. Her cheeks were almost as white as the pillow, and her hair was like threads of gold spread all about over the bed.

"She never could have been dirty," thought Tom to himself. And then he thought, "And are all people like that when they are washed?" and he looked at his own wrist, and tried to rub the soot off, and wondered whether it ever would come off. "Certainly I should look much prettier then, if I grew at all like her."

And, looking round, he suddenly saw, standing close to him, a little ugly, black, ragged figure, with bleared eyes and grinning white teeth. He turned on it angrily. What did such a little black ape want in that sweet young lady's room? And, behold! it was himself, reflected in a great mirror, the like of which Tom had never seen before.

And Tom, for the first time in his life, found out that he was dirty, and burst into tears with shame and anger.

FATHER'S PORTRAIT.

"FATHER, let me paint your portrait; ah, *do!*" said George. "How is one ever to become a great artist, if one does not try?"

"George wants to use his Christmas-present," cried Dick: "he's been glued to that old easel ever since Monday morning. And would you believe it, father, he's even painted the baby, and the old yellow hen; and now he wants to practise on you." Dick fell to laughing so hard, that he rolled over and over on the floor.

"Nothing can be done without trying, my boy," said mother.

"Patience and perseverance have made many a fortune," said grandma gently.

But father still turned over the newspaper, with no word of encouragement.

"Please come and sit, father," said George good-humoredly.

"I'm sitting very comfortably, thank you," said father.

"But come to the studio," said George, "and sit for your picture."

The "studio" was a store-closet in the attic, with a north window, where mother had allowed George to settle for a time.

"The *studio!* — ha, ha, ha!" laughed Dick. "I guess I'll go down to my *summer-parlor*, and hoe corn."

But father was carried off, newspaper and all, and seated on a very hard chair which had only three legs, and which had to be propped up by a kindly old trunk. But father didn't mind, so long as he kept his paper.

"Now turn your head a little to the left," said George.

"All right, my son."

"And, father, if you would only cock your hair up a little more on the forehead."

Father rubbed his hair over the bald spot into quite a fine little top-knot.

"Father," said George in five minutes more, "I think if you smiled a little, just a *very* little, you know, and opened your eyes, we might get along better."

So father smiled a great deal, and opened his eyes as wide as he could.

"It's going to be a great success," said George.

"Glad of it," said father; "for I really must go in five minutes."

Of course no artist could really *finish* a portrait in such a very short time; but George allowed father to show the picture at the dinner-table, after he had touched it up a little.

"Is that *father?*" cried sister Kate as the picture passed around. "He looks as if his brain had been set to rise. If mother's dough worked in that way, we'd look for sour bread."

"He does look a little as if he had a bad fever," said mother. "Perhaps the air of the studio didn't agree with him."

"Why, father!" cried Dick, "you look as slippery and sweet as if you had been living on honey and lard!"

Mother saw the tears gathering in George's eyes; and she said very kindly, —

"I think George improves. It really seems to me this is better than the old yellow hen."

"George shall have lessons," said father. "He'll make an artist yet; for he knows how to persevere."

George had lessons in painting, and he loved to paint more and more. He always had liked it, even before he knew how. His patience and perseverance were so great, that in five years he painted a portrait of father which even sister Kate was proud to hang in the front parlor.

TWO FAMILIES.

ONCE there was a quiet and well-behaved family, that lived in a comfortable barn-yard.

Top-Knot, the head of the family, was a fine, handsome fellow, a little vain of his bright colors, and particularly of his long tail-feathers, which he carried behind him in a graceful curve.

But he was faithful in his duties. He never failed to cry "Cockadoodledoo" at the proper times.

No matter how tired and sleepy he was, he always crowed at midnight. The hens of the family were the very nicest of hens.

Speckle had the prettiest brood of chickens in the world, — little soft, downy things; some of them speckled like herself, and some bright yellow like a canary.

Silver-Wing was a good-hen too. She laid a fresh egg every day, and sang "Cutcutcadarcut" as loud as any one. And there was Yellow-Leg, a pretty pullet; and many more.

Twice a day the farmer's wife called "Biddy, biddy, biddy!" They all lost no time in running to meet her; and she spread them a nice dinner of corn or meal

on the smooth grass, and they had a sociable time eating it and talking about it.

They were a little dissatisfied with their hen-house.

"I am afraid it is not safe, my dears," said Top-Knot. "I heard once of a fox who got into a hen-house at night, and killed some one; and I am sure a fox could get in here, if he wished to."

"Goodness!" said Yellow-Leg: "what a terrible thing to happen!"

Speckle had a strong coop for herself and her chickens: so she was not afraid of a fox.

"I must speak to Rover about it," said Top-Knot, "the next time I meet him."

He met him that day.

"Rover," said he, "did you ever hear of such a thing as a fox?"

"Fox, indeed!" said Rover, and he smacked his lips. "Some think a watch-dog knows nothing about a fox; but show me one, and I'll show you what I have to say to him."

"But, Rover," said Top-Knot, "did you ever hear of a fox in a hen-house?"

"Show me a fox in a hen-house, and I'll be the death of him," said Rover.

"Look at this place," said Top-Knot. "Any fox could get in, if he had a mind to."

"You're right," replied Rover. "He could indeed."

"What's to be done about it?" asked Top-Knot

"I can't mend it. What is master thinking of, that he leaves us so unprotected? Something will happen, I am sure."

"I don't know of any fox round here," said Rover. "I've hunted and hunted. I'll tell you. You know where I sleep, under the steps. If you hear any thing around in the night, just call to me. I shall hear you. I always hear you crowing away when every one's asleep. What do you do that for, pray?"

"I do it," said Top-Knot with dignity, "because some one must do it, and I feel that I am the one."

Rover was called away then, and Top-Knot went back to his family.

"Rover has promised to take care of us, my dears; so you can sleep in peace," said he.

Not far away, on the hillside, lived another family, not so quiet or well-behaved, — a fox and her six little ones. She was a handsome red fox, with a splendid bushy tail, and black tips to her ears; and she had very bright eyes, and could see in the dark.

Her little ones were dear little soft things; but they had sharp teeth, and would have bitten you, I think, if you had touched them.

They were hungry little things too. Nobody ever called *them* to their dinners and suppers, and spread nice food before them on the grass. Their poor mother had to bring them every thing they ate, in her mouth;

and sometimes it was at the risk of her life: for if a dog saw her, or even thought he scented a fox in the air, he would call all the dogs in the country; and they would make such a touse, that she would be lucky if she ever saw her little ones again.

"I must go out to-night and get something for these poor things," said the fox to herself. "Farmer Green has plenty of fat chickens: I should think he might spare one now and then." So, when the quiet night came, out stole the fox. She ran quickly over fields and roads till she came near Farmer Green's hen-house. All was still. Rover slept well. She crept along to the hen-house, and stepped softly in, and there saw a sight that made her mouth water, — Top-Knot and three or four fat hens in a row, sound asleep on the roost.

"What a supper for my pets!" said she as she gazed at them. "How shall I get one? I must catch him by those long feathers; for I can't reach his throat."

She stood some time on her hind-legs, with one paw on a cask, thinking if there was any better plan, and at last made a spring at Top-Knot's tail-feathers.

But what an outcry he made! She fled in terror, and never stopped till she was safe in her burrow; for she heard Rover's voice, and knew he was waked by the clamor, and would soon be there.

He was on the spot the next moment.

"What's the matter?" said he.

"Matter enough," replied Top-Knot. "I'm more dead than alive. Something gave a terrible pull at my feathers; and it's a wonder I have any left."

"Nothing to be seen," said Rover. "You dreamed it."

"Never!" said Top-Knot. "Wait till daylight, and then see."

The next morning Farmer Green came to find what caused the disturbance.

"Aha! a fox has been here!" said he. "I must mend this old hen-house before night."

And he did, to be sure.

When the fox mustered courage to come again, she could not get in.

"That rogue of a farmer hasn't left a crack big enough for me to put my nose through," said she. "Never mind," she added as she trotted home empty-mouthed: "they're tough old things, I'll be bound."

CARRIE'S PICNIC.

IT was Saturday morning, and mother was very busy; for there were pies and cake to make, and a great plum-pudding for Sunday. Carrie was to stone the raisins, and beat the eggs, and shell the peas, and any other odd duties which her little hands might do Little hands are very useful sometimes.

Carrie had always liked to be mother's little helper; but to-day the girls were going on a picnic to the pine-woods, and how she wanted to be with them!

"I'd like to let you go, my dear," said her mother; "but I have too much on hand. Besides, your own gloves are out at the fingers, and I don't think you have more than two buttons on your Sunday shoes."

Carrie pouted, and looked very cross. "I think it's real mean," she said to herself. "I could go just as well as not."

Carrie was stoning the raisins when the little girls went by; but we may as well confess that a good many naughty little seeds were left for people's teeth to crack in the Sunday pudding.

"Oh, dear! there they go," she sighed, with her little face as cross as you can imagine: "ain't they having good times?"

Just then there came a great cry from the nursery, which told mother that baby was in trouble.

"No one is quite so important as that baby," thought cross little Carrie as mother threw down her cake-pans and ran up stairs.

Then a naughty thought came to her. The girls were only a little past the house: she would walk with them just a little ways, and make believe she was going on a picnic too. Out she ran in the hot sun, and she saw the sun-bonnets and the baskets bobbing up and down just at the turning of the road. She had

no time to stop for a bonnet or a basket; but she ran shouting after them.

"Why, there's Carrie!" they cried. "Are you coming, Cad?"

"Just a little ways," said Carrie stiffly.

But they seemed so glad to have her, that in two minutes she was quite as merry as they; and they went along laughing, and picking flowers, until Carrie had quite forgotten the raisins and the peas, and the holes in her Sunday gloves.

"Oh, isn't it nice!" cried they all.

But just then a great drove of cows came along the road behind them. Meek, harmless old cows they were; but they seemed very fierce and savage to the little girls. They all began to run, and they all ran in different ways, until, the first thing she knew, Carrie found herself all alone in a field of grass that was away above her head. There were no cows near her; but she roused some angry bumble-bees, which stung her cruelly on both her cheeks. Carrie cried and cried, and wished herself back stoning raisins again.

"I'll mind mother next time," she said. "God must think I'm very naughty."

"Poor dear mother, working so hard all alone!" she sobbed as she went trudging up the dusty road about two o'clock, and crept shyly into the kitchen.

"Well, Carrie, my child," said mother.

"I didn't mean to stay so long," sobbed Carrie. "I

forgot, and I'm awful sorry. The cows scared us so! O mother!"

Carrie ran into mother's arms. She couldn't have been more sorry than she was when mother kissed her.

"I am very tired, Carrie," she said; "and little brother has had a bad fall, and is quite sick. You shall go up and sit with him, and think of what you have done."

As Carrie thought and thought, she almost wished mother had whipped her. It seemed to make it so much worse to think that mother was so sorry too!

"I never, never want to go on another picnic again as long as I live," thought Carrie, "if mother will only forgive me."

A Miserable Man.

Once upon a time there was a boy who cared for nothing but money. Every bit of iron he saw, and every old rag, he would pick up, and hide away in holes and hiding-places around his father's house, till he had enough to sell to some junk-man, and get a few pennies. These he would hide away in the garret, under a board he had loosened in the floor.

Though he hated work, if one offered him a few cents for doing any thing — no matter how hard or

how dirty — he would do it at once, and eagerly grab the pay, and add it to his hoard in the garret. At night, when he lay in his bed, he would be making plans to get money; and in the day-time, when he walked about, his eyes were always on the ground, eagerly hunting around to find something by which he could get a few cents.

He was always making sharp bargains with the boys; and he soon became so eager to add pennies to his box, that he learned to cheat them and trick them: so, very soon, they would not trade with him. And as he grew older, and lost his interest in every thing but money, the boys left off playing with him; and at last he got to be a strange, lonely boy.

He never saw any of the beauty of the world. He never saw the blue sky, because his eyes were always in the dirt, hunting pennies. The beautiful flowers and the grand trees he never looked at. The birds sang unheard, the brook gurgled over the stones, the leaves rustled in the breeze; and he might as well have been deaf. Money, money, money! was all his thought.

This boy grew into a miserable man, or what we have shortened into miser. He lost all his friends; for who can love one who thinks of nothing but gold? When his hiding-place in the attic was full, he sewed the money into his clothes, and started out in the world; for he was now almost a man, and his father — who

was an honest worker — refused to feed him any longer, since he would neither work, nor pay for his food.

He went to a large city; and there he traded and hoarded, and starved and nearly froze, till he gathered together a large amount of gold, and had warehouses and clerks, and carried on a large business. But, though he grew richer and richer, he still lived in a rickety tumble-down building that the owner had deserted, to save paying rent; and his only pleasure in life was to handle and count his gold.

Miserable wretch! with no comforts, no friends, no home; nothing in the wide, beautiful world to love but gold; nothing to fear but that some one will steal it.

See him as he hears the rough boards that serve for a blind falling under the hands of some other man who loves gold! See the horror in his greedy face! See the panic with which he stuffs the yellow idol into his bag!

See the narrow, mean-souled, unhappy wretch, who never did a generous or useful deed in his life; who has not a friend to shed a tear for him; who has given the whole world, with its beauty and love and happiness, to collect a pile of gold which other people will scatter when he can no longer hold it!

To desire and work for money for the good it can do, and the beautiful things it can bring to those we love, is right and honorable; but to love it for its own sake, merely to collect a vast pile of it, either to handle

in secret like this miser, or to make people stare, makes one mean and narrow, and puts him in danger of becoming like this dreadful picture, — a miserable wretch.

THE BIRD'S WEEK.

"OH! where have you been, my birdie bright?
Oh! where have you been since Saturday night?
What have you seen, and what have you heard?
Oh! where have you been, my darling bird?"

"Monday I hopped on the woodbine bower
And sucked the honey from many a flower;
From bush to bush, from tree to tree,
Raced with the butterfly and the bee.
Then next to the milkmaid's side I flew,
As she went out in the morning dew.
She milkèd steadily; I sat by:
She sang merrily; so did I.
I laughed a little, though sang the while,
When she and the pail fell over the stile.

"Tuesday it rained: so I took to the barn,
And perched on a beam to be safe from harm.
A large black cat came up to my side:
His eyes were keen, his claws were wide.

He looked at me with a cowering leer,
As much as to say, "Come down, my dear;"
But I darted that moment through the air,
As much as to say, 'Excuse me, sir.'

"Wednesday I rose quite stout and bold:
The flowers were jewels, the sky was gold.
I revelled in plenty and delight,
When I thought I heard the scream of a kite;
And a poor little dove dropped down and died,
With spots of blood on its milk-white side.
'Twas a pitiful sight, I cannot deny;
But I whispered, 'Much rather the dove than I.'

"Thursday I went to view the town;
For I would not be thought a country clown.
No stable-gleanings or stunted tree
Were meant for free-born birds like me;
But the pert young sparrows made themselves so free,
As to hint that I was not good company,
Because I uttered a harmless joke
Of their little black jackets, and smell of smoke.

"Friday I joined a courtly band
Of merry wanderers in the land:
The cherries were ripe, the feasts were long,
And loud and clear was the thankful song.


L. Dahl

A grave old judge would have looked away
From a troop of thieves so glad and gay,
Unless this judge should prove to be
The owner of that same cherry-tree.

"Saturday I was picking worms at a cottage-door;
A nurse and child were playing before;
When I heard the cruel old monster say,
'You may have that bird for your dinner to-day:'
To catch the bird you will not fail,
If you take some salt, and put on his tail."
But, before the boy could turn his eye,
I was a mile towards the sky.

"Sunday I made the steeple my perch
To watch the people going to church;
And, when they were in, I fluttered about
To watch the people coming out.
Many nice boys I looked at there,
With snow-white collars and shining hair;
But among them all I could not see
Any like James or little brave Ben to me.
So now I've come back to the old hall-door,
Never to leave James or Ben any more."